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The Shape of Things

THE PAST FEW WEEKS OF THE GLOBAL WAR HAVE been open season for the shooting down of optimists. The Allies have made no major gains around the shrinking German perimeter: the western front from the sea to Nijmegen was quiet last week, the Russians were halted outside Budapest, and General Patton's offensive was at best an attempt to straighten the line between Metz and Nancy and perhaps to encircle Metz. But none of these actions can be regarded as immediately decisive. On the other side of the world the liberation of the Philippines met greatly increased Japanese resistance and a tropical typhoon which slowed progress on Leyte to a walk. This was to have been expected; the fact that it occasioned widespread surprise in this country reemphasized the importance of taking with a grain of salt General MacArthur's communiqués and most of the press dispatches from the Pacific. (MacArthur claimed that organized resistance had ceased on Leyte two weeks ago, the first dispatches from Pearl Harbor said that 250,000 American troops had landed on the island.) What happened seems to be this: the Pacific time-table was speeded up as a result of the modest opposition met by Navy fliers over the Philippines, MacArthur went in without benefit of prolonged softening of defenses, the storms hindered close land-based air support, and the enemy was consequently able to reinforce Leyte and to cause considerable damage among our ships with his land-based aircraft. Our fliers inflicted considerably more damage on Japanese shipping in Ormoc Bay last week-end, however, and the eventual result, however many weeks it takes, is assured.

*

THE HITLER MYSTERY WAS DEEPENED OVER the week-end by the fact that the Führer's customary address to the German people on the anniversary of the beer-hall putsch was delivered by Himmler. The absence of Hitler himself gave impetus to the manufacture of stories reporting variously his death, his fatal illness, his insanity, and his disappearance from Germany; but more important, it lent new significance to the repeated appearance in recent weeks at official ceremonies of the chief of the Gestapo in place of his master. Himmler begins to look as well as to act like the real ruler of Germany. Whether Hitler wrote it or not, the statement read by Himmler is of first importance, since it provided new evidence of an unchanged determination on the part of the Nazis to carry their fight "to the death." The threat might be dismissed as a desperate effort to bolster domestic morale if the will to resist were not being demonstrated at every point on three fronts. In Italy, in the West, even around Budapest, the Germans are putting up a fight that has led military writers to describe their operations as a

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"defensive success." The statement discussed in great detail the measures taken after the revolt of last summer to restore the absolute control of the Führer, and warned that "anyone who lifts a sword or throws a bomb against the German people will be mercilessly, ruthlessly exterminated." Hitler announced his "grateful joy" over the proof provided after July 20th that the army, navy, and air force "in their totality had accepted the spirit of National Socialism" so that only a purge of "the unworthy ones" was necessary to insure absolute unity. Events since July 20 lend a good deal of credence to the Führer's words.

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THE INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE ON CIVIL aviation, now meeting in Chicago, has given little encouragement to those who believe that, with the world growing smaller every year, all the nations must learn to get along with one another under some sort of supra-national authority. This conference, even more than previous conferences on relief and rehabilitation, food, and monetary stabilization, could have drawn the pattern for the peaceable settlement of issues likely to lead to international conflict; and certainly the coming struggle for control of world airways has more potential trouble involved in it than any other single branch of trade or commerce. The temper of the conference was indicated by its abrupt dismissal of the far-sighted Australian-New Zealand proposal for the internationalization of the aviation airways as praiseworthy but impractical idealism. The big-power battle was drawn between the American and the British plans. Opposed though we are to certain restrictive features of the British plan, we thoroughly endorse the proposal for a strong world airways authority to allocate routes, frequency of service, and rates, over the American proposal for unbridled competition. Even more, we favor the Canadian compromise proposal, which would apply to international airways the highly successful principles of the Civil Aeronautics Board in this country: international regulation of world air routes in place of restrictive trade barriers, and freedom of competition (but no cut-throat competition) with the best operator getting the business. Instead, the delegates seem to be accepting the American plan for wide-open competition: a plan distinguished by excessive nationalism, impelled by the short-sighted greed of American operators, and fraught with the perils of a new and particularly vicious trade-war. We commend to our readers the article on this subject by Charles G. Bolté, elsewhere in this issue, and agree with him that, in this case above all others, the preservation of our civilization is more important than the preservation of profits.

✶

PRIME MINISTER CHURCHILL WAS CHEERED BY great crowds when he made his Armistice Day appearance in Paris. His welcome by General de Gaulle was equally friendly if more restrained. For Mr. Churchill brought with him a formal invitation to the French government to join the European Advisory Commission sitting in London and this move marks the definite acceptance of the new France as one of the great powers. It was long in coming, this full, official recognition, and one can understand the satisfaction with which it was greeted in Paris. But the closer relationship which is rapidly being built up between France and its Western allies is not, we suspect, merely or primarily a tribute to the stability of the De Gaulle government. Behind it lie political motives stronger than friendship or the recognition of a nation's just claims. While Soviet Russia presses its conquests in Eastern Europe, Britain is obviously doing its best to throw up political earthworks in the West, following the strategy outlined a year ago by Marshal Smuts. But the idea of a Western bloc, however carefully camouflaged, is going to be approached with caution by the French. Only the other day General de Gaulle announced his opposition to any alignment of Western nations that might divide the Continent. For he knows that the political future of France depends quite as much on the good will of Russia as on its relations with Britain and the United States.

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MARSHAL STALIN'S SPEECH ON THE EVE OF THE twenty-sixth anniversary of the October Revolution was the most encouraging yet made from the standpoint of the Western democracies. The Soviet Premier not only paid warm tribute to the military achievements of Britain and the United States in the past year but went out of his way to indorse the Dumbarton Oaks plan for post-war collaboration and held out high hopes that the remaining points of difference regarding the security organization would soon be ironed out. Stalin also made an important political gesture by listing Japan along with Germany as an "aggressive nation" which, because of its imperialist designs, had been better prepared for war than the peace-loving democracies. The *Domei* news agency reports that the Japanese were "surprised and offended" by Premier Stalin's words. And well they might be, for the Soviet leader's warning will compel Japan to reinforce its Manchurian defenses and to strengthen its home air fleet at the expense of its present commitments in China and the Philippines.

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THE ASSASSINATION OF LORD MOYNE, BRITISH Minister of State in the Middle East, focuses attention once more on that region of perennial trouble and unreconciled animosities. Others have dwelt, and rightly, on the folly of assassination as a political instrument, particularly in this instance, when Jewish Palestine can ill afford an act which, although perpetrated by Sternist extremists, may by an unjust ricochet injure the Zionist movement as a whole. What we should like to stress here is the fact that Lord Moyne's violent death—taken together with the recent attentat against Sir Harold MacMichael—is a portent and a warning. The problem of the Middle East will continue to plague the world unless the Allies can bring it to a radical solution. Various plans have been put forward—dominion status, internationalization, condominium, transfers of population, and so on—and we must give serious thought to all of them. But one thing is clear. The narrow imperialistic policy still followed by Britain in a region which it believes to be its exclusive sphere of influence will not work. Unless it is abandoned soon, trouble and perhaps other political killings will follow. Assassination, let us not forget, is indigenous to the Middle East. The very word comes from the Arabic *hashishin* ("eater

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of hashish"), the name given to the medieval followers of Rachid Ed Dîn Sinân (the "Old Man of the Mountain"), who, intoxicated with hashish, secretly murdered all their enemies, spreading terror throughout Syria. The propensity remains. The British should no longer give it occasion to manifest itself.

*

THE SOLDIER VOTE SEEMS TO HAVE HAD MUCH less effect on the results of the Presidential election than was feared by Republicans. Analysis of the returns shows that only in two states—New Jersey and Michigan—was the soldier vote decisive for F. D. R. While the soldier vote was much more favorable to the President than the civilian vote in most states, there is little evidence that service men voted for Mr. Roosevelt simply because he is commander-in-chief. The ratio of soldier ballots favoring Roosevelt had been estimated at approximately 67 per cent for the country as a whole. A poll taken in June, 1944, indicated that 62 per cent of civilian young people twenty-one to twenty-nine years old favored Roosevelt, indicating that military experience had a slight but only a slight influence.

*

IT IS GRATIFYING TO NOTE THAT RED SCARES and appeals to religious and racial prejudice failed completely in the 1944 election campaign. For weeks prior to the election the Hearst, McCormick, and Scripps-Howard press screamed daily about the Browder-Hillman conspiracy to take over the American government. In an obvious attempt to play upon Catholic antipathy to communism, Mr. Dewey devoted the bulk of his Boston speech to the thesis that the Communists were about to seize control of the Democratic Party. The Dies committee issued a series of blasts purporting to show that the P. A. C. was controlled by Communists and fellow-travelers. Yet an analysis of the election returns indicates that this vast effort succeeded in frightening no one. Catholic Boston, where Mr. Dewey made his fantastic charges, turned in its usual heavy Democratic majority. In the Catholic areas of Brooklyn and Manhattan the President ran even stronger than in 1940. Catholic papers like *America*, the *Commonweal*, and the *Liguorian* not only denied the accuracy of the Republican charges against the P. A. C. but denounced the efforts to stir up religious bigotry. Furthermore, the candidates who relied most heavily on the red bogy—Ham Fish, Day of Illinois, Poulson of California—were repudiated by the electorate. The technique which brought Hitler to power in 1933 appears to be more than a little shopworn in 1944 America.

*

AMID THE MANY HEARTENING ELECTION results, New Jersey's action in rejecting the proposed new state constitution was distinctly discouraging. Although the version submitted was a far from satisfactory document, it was superior to the present century-old constitution in many ways. For one thing it would have substantially weakened the power of Boss Hague by removing the courts from local political control. Knowing this, Hague employed every trick at his command to defeat it. He encouraged the circulation of wholly unfounded rumors to the effect that the proposed changes would undermine the confidential relationship between the clergy and members of their constituencies and would liberalize the grounds for divorce. He enlisted the support of some labor groups by stressing the obvious deficiencies in the charter with respect to social legislation. Bitter opposition to the new constitution also developed among farm groups because it allegedly took the state Department of Agriculture out of the hands of the farmers and put it under the control of the politicians. In the last analysis it was the farm vote—fundamentally antipathetic to Hague—that saved the Jersey City dictator from disaster. Apart from the charter vote, New Jersey did well. It gave a handsome majority to the President and elected H. Alexander Smith, an internationalist Republican, to the Senate over a Hague-picked Democratic candidate.

*

REACTIONARY GROUPS SUCCEEDED IN PUSHING through amendments to the state constitutions of Arkansas and Florida, providing that the "right to work" shall not be dependent on membership in a labor organization. All closed-shop contracts in those states are thus voided, labor's right to strike is seriously impaired, and the Wagner act is in effect nullified. The amendments appear to be an oblique way of abrogating a federal law which has been sustained by the Supreme Court. Their constitutionality is questionable, and we look forward to a test case. Their immediate practical effects will undoubtedly be bad. This was recognized by the California Chamber of Commerce, which fought vigorously against a similar amendment in that state and deserves a share of the credit for its defeat. In commenting on the amendments in the issue of November 4, we said that they were sponsored by the National Association of Manufacturers. That information came from a source in which we had great confidence. But the N. A. M. has protested that it "has no knowledge of any such amendments, has made no statement in connection with them, and has not authorized any officer of the association or member to commit the association for or against any such proposal." While it is a little hard to believe that the N. A. M. had "no knowledge" of controversial measures that were widely discussed in the press, it appears that we were mistaken in attributing to it direct sponsorship of the amendments. We apologize.

*

THE UNHAPPY PEOPLE OF TEXAS, REPRESENTED in the United States Senate by a clown and in their own Governor's mansion by a Babbitt, may soon see their state university lose its standing as an accredited school. Responsibility for the university's plight rests with the board of regents appointed by Governor "Calculatin' Coke" Stevenson and his predecessor, "Pappy" O'Daniel. Seven of its nine members are either corporation lawyers or owners of vast corporate wealth, or both, and they run the University of Texas as if it were their private property and its faculty their employees. President Homer P. Rainey, a brave man and an articulate one, has finally been dismissed after struggling for five years to maintain academic decency at the university. The showdown came when two of the regents, as individuals, ordered Dr. Rainey to curtail his speaking engagements, "especially

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to religious groups." Dr. Rainey, a Baptist, announced publicly that the order had been received and would be disregarded. The day before his next speaking engagement he read to the faculty a statement recapitulating the sordid history of the board's interference with his administration—orders to remove professors because they were "personally unsatisfactory" to individual members of the board, the appointment of a dean without consulting him, the banning of books which met the personal disapproval of individual board members. A few days later he was dismissed. The faculty met and unanimously voted its confidence in him, the students marched on the State House, and the Association of University Professors made public its report on the dismissal of three economics professors, over Dr. Rainey's protests, in 1942. Dr. Ralph E. Himstead, executive secretary of the association, said the dismissal of the three professors, and now of Dr. Rainey, "bodes ill" for the university. Governor Stevenson has the power to save Texas from the shame of Georgia and Mississippi. We hope he has the will.

Hungary and Hitler

WHILE the battle for its capital rages, Hungary's relations with Germany provide a source of puzzlement to public opinion abroad. Why, it is asked, should Hungary not have followed the lead of Bulgaria and Rumania, broken with the Nazis, and gone over to the Allied camp when the advancing Russian armies offered the opportunity of escape from national suicide? Hungary's resistance is even stranger when one remembers that until March of this year, anti-Nazis and pro-Allied elements in the country publicly urged an armistice with the Allies. In the other two satellite countries, anti-Nazi activity was confined to underground channels.

Paradoxically, this relative freedom of the opposition was one of the two causes of Hungary's present role. By coming out into the open the anti-Nazi elements delivered themselves into the hands of the Germans. The Gestapo knew not only the leaders of each group but every important member. On March 19, 1944, the Germans clamped down on the opposition in order to "safeguard the independence of their Hungarian ally," arresting every key man and dissolving all resistance organizations.

The second contributing factor in Hungary's present policy is the success with which the Germans have exploited the fear of Russia. For many months, the opposition group tried to get in touch with the Allies, but only with the British and Americans. Many of them, and indeed even Horthy himself, hoped a deal could be made with the Western Allies against the Russians, or at least behind their back. Public opinion was entirely unprepared for the circumstances which forced Hungary to face the Russian army alone. When it became clear that Russia would be a partner to any agreement that might be reached, the opposition already had been crushed. But in any event, it is doubtful whether its leadership could have counteracted the deep-rooted fear of Soviet Russia that exists among the Hungarian masses.

As in so many countries, the fascist dictatorship in Hungary has based its greatest hope for survival on that fear. For twenty-five years, the Horthy regime has cultivated the bogy of communism. Hungary's short-lived Communist government in 1919 became involved in a war with neighboring Rumania, and its military defeat gave Admiral Horthy the opportunity to seize power. Ever since then, Horthy has reiterated the theory that Russia wanted to take vengeance on Hungary for having "stopped bolshevism from spreading farther toward the West."

Whenever Horthy's power trembled, the police were quick to reveal a new Communist plot. The great powers showed their gratitude, often in gold ducats. When a foreign loan had to be floated, the Hungarian police were always able to discover another Communist conspiracy, and Horthy got his money. In 1934, when Hungary was accused of having played a part in the preparation of King Alexander's murder in Marseilles, it fell to Tibor Eckhardt to defend his country before the League of Nations. Just before his departure for Geneva, a new Communist conspiracy was discovered—a warning to the great powers not to harm the Horthy regime lest a worse one succeed it.

Since the outbreak of the German-Russian war, the people of Hungary have been told day after day that they form a wedge betwen the northern and southern Slavs, and that Stalin therefore intends to deport the entire population to Siberia for forced labor. After the Russian-Rumanian armistice, the Hungarian radio and press explained that the armistice had a secret clause according to which the adult population of Rumania would have to go to Russia after the war to rebuild the destroyed cities. Many people believe this. Even the peasants are said to be fleeing from the Russians, and chaos in Hungary grows.

The New Congress

MR. ROOSEVELT'S reelection imposes upon him and his supporters responsibilities graver than those which have faced any administration since Lincoln's. The twin job of achieving a stable peace abroad and full employment at home is almost enough to make even F. D. R.'s fighting heart and buoyant spirit quail. But it is also a task that must call forth the firmest resolution and the deepest devotion in one imbued, as our reelected President is, with a sense of his historic obligation to this country and to mankind.

It is our country's good fortune and his that the people, in returning him to office, have also given him the largest Congressional majority he has had since the New Deal's climactic sweep in 1936. In the House of Representatives, with four Missouri seats still in doubt as we go to press, the Democratic Party has 24 more than the 218 necessary to control the House. The new House will also have one American Laborite and one Progressive. This is a far more comfortable situation than that of the outgoing House, in which there are 214 Democrats, 212 Republicans, 2 Progressives, and one American Laborite. Even if all four of the Missouri seats go to the Republicans, the Democratic Party will have 242 votes in the House against 191 for the G. O. P.

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It should be possible, with that line-up, to achieve a working majority for the President's measures. He retains such a majority in the Senate, where, with one seat each in Missouri and Pennsylvania in doubt, there will be 56 Democrats, 37 Republicans, and 1 Progressive.

The possibility and the effectiveness of a revived anti-Roosevelt coalition between Republicans and right-wing Democrats in the next Congress are lessened by the character of the men defeated and of those returned. The country clearly is not in a reactionary mood. Four members of the Dies Committee will be among the missing when the new House convenes. Dies, Starnes, Costello, and Busbey are out. So are Ham Fish and Melvin J. Maas, the former the ranking Republican on the Rules Committee, the latter the ranking Republican on the Naval Affairs Committee. Another of their kind, Stephen A. Day of Illinois, the Führer's admirer and the Chicago *Tribune's* pet, will be replaced by a strong progressive, Emily Douglas of Chicago. Encouraging, too, is the unexpected defeat of Charles S. Dewey, Sewell Avery's champion and the principal Congressional spokesman of the big bankers against some such international, popularly-controlled monetary order as was outlined at Bretton Woods. Clare Luce will be back but chastened, we hope, for only the Socialist vote in her district saved her from defeat. Her margin was 1,655; the Socialist candidate polled 2,195—most of which would otherwise have gone to Miss Connors. These are portents the practical politician will not be slow to read.

The same warning to rightists, irresponsible demagogues, crypto-fascists, and isolationists is evident in the composition of the new Senate. Every Senate supporter of the President was returned: Wagner, Elbert Thomas, Pepper, Lister Hill, Barkley, and Scott Lucas, the last having soundly defeated the Chicago *Tribune* candidate, Lyons. Fulbright of Arkansas will give new strength to the President in the Senate. Among the happily missing will be a choice handful of reactionaries from both North and South: Cotton Ed Smith, Rufus C. Holman, Reynolds, Nye, Danaher, Bennett Clark, and Gillette. Tydings and Taft managed to get back, but the latter only by an extraordinarily small margin against a none too strong Democratic opponent. The two men on whom G. O. P. hopes must now center can hardly be a comfort to the Old Guard. Both had the support of the C. I. O.-P. A. C. in their election to the Senate. One, Wayne Morse of Oregon, is considered a progressive on both foreign and domestic policy. The other, Saltonstall of Massachusetts, is a firm supporter of international cooperation and an enlightened conservative, at least, in his domestic views.

In the Senate, where a two-thirds vote is still necessary for the ratification of any United Nations treaty, a new bitter-ender minority can still do great damage. Whether it does or not will depend in part on the position taken by Governor Dewey. His conduct will have an immense influence on the prospect of a stable peace. What he does and what he says when the battle is joined in the Senate will be the test of whether he was sincere or indulging in double-talk on international cooperation during the campaign. Perhaps most of all depends on the continuance of the C. I. O.-Political Action Committee and its allies as functioning organizations fully able to punish the reactionaries in the 1946 Congressional primaries and elections. The expectation of the normal slump in those by-elections would encourage the trouble-makers. The knowledge that the P. A. C. was fully prepared for an aggressive role in 1946 would deter them. There lies our job as progressives and there lies the contribution we can make to the President's success.

Winged Peace or Winged Death

BY CHARLES G. BOLTE

THE topic for today is the flying machine; the lesson is from Francesco de Lana of Brescia, who said in 1670: "God would not suffer such a machine to be successful, since it would create many disturbances in the civil and political governments of mankind"; and the text is from old Speaker Rainey, who said in 1934: "I sometimes wonder if our democracy in its present form is equipped to face the problems of technology."

These remarks are quoted in Emile Gauvreau's enraging book, "The Wild Blue Yonder" (Dutton)—the full story of the bitter fight air power has had to wage for acceptance in this country, and a warning that the Wright boys' invention "can augment man's power for good and enhance his well-being or brutalize him to the extent of accomplishing his own dissolution." Judging from the record of how man has used the flying machine, one could hope that the Brescian had been right about God's wisdom; and one could certainly wonder with Speaker Rainey—perhaps even more deeply in 1944 than in 1934. Cultural lag has never been so pronounced as it has been with regard to the airplane; and the lag continues to manifest itself in the deliberations of the international civil air conference at Chicago.

My gloomy reflections, set in train by reports from Chicago and heightened by Gauvreau's tragic history, are given point by a book just published, "Winged Peace" (Viking), by Air Marshal William A. Bishop, Royal Canadian Air Force, V.C., C.B., D.S.O. and bar, M.C., D.F.C., Legion of Honor, Croix de Guerre. Billy Bishop, leading Allied ace of the last war, a moving spirit in Canada's superb air-training and air-transport program of this war, has now performed his greatest public service by writing a book which proves that the air age is *here*, not around the corner, and which states convincingly that unless we harness the flying machine to man's well-being, we shall inevitably use it for his destruction.

We are using it now for his destruction with daily increasing efficiency; the tremendous acceleration in the development of aviation during the war is what has landed

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us smack in the middle of the air age, sitting bolt upright and not a little uncomfortable at the sensation. Bishop tells it: "As you are reading these paragraphs, fleets of four-engined bombers are winging non-stop from Montreal to North Africa. . . . Airports in far northern Canada, adjacent to the Arctic Circle, the highway to Russia and the Orient, and the main line to Tokyo, boast runways longer than any to be found on New York's crack LaGuardia Field." "Winged Peace" is told in terms of Bishop's own amazing career, *which spans the history of aviation:* one picture shows the gallant, carefree young ace leaning on the wing of his Nieuport; another shows the rather paunchy, middle-aged distinguished administrative officer dwarfed under the propeller of his Spitfire. Acceleration is the theme of the story, and the future is foretold in the past: Nieuport to Spitfire, primitive training methods to specialized science, DH-4 carrying 500 pounds of bombs to B-29 carrying *x* tons—to???

Writing last spring, Bishop compiled a table of comparative aircraft performances from 1914 to 1944 which illustrates the acceleration with astonishing figures. He revised the table on June 14 in an attempt to bring it up to date; on June 15 the Superfortress went into action; on June 16 it was announced that V-1, the pilotless bomb, had been hammering England. "Can anyone who read the newspapers or listened to the radio during those two days in the history of aviation doubt the continuous and progressive obsolescence of all present aviation equipment, or fail to see the terrifying potentialities of man's conquest of the air?"

In airways yesterday's visionary is today's conservative. Last week I warned against over-enthusiasm about the clearing of the approaches to Antwerp: "We face the very real possibility that the enemy will be able to bombard Antwerp with pilotless aircraft. . . . now may come the time for V-2 or even V-3 to go into action." On the day your *Nation* reached you, Mr. Churchill announced that V-2 was being used against England, and the Germans announced that Antwerp was under bombardment. I'm not pleased at the fulfilment of my prediction, but I think the lesson is clear.

Let us not be lulled by descriptions of the *existing* situation in the air. The editor of *Iron Age,* who saw a V-2 crater in England this month, calls the rocket bomb "the last desperate revenge effort of a maniac, with more theater than efficiency"; says its blast effect is localized and its inaccuracy startling. This is a true statement—as true as a statement at the time of the Wrights' first flight that "it's a good stunt, but the machine will never carry six tons of bombs 2,000 miles at 300 miles an hour." One can be pardoned for demanding more than limited truth at this moment in the world's history.

Billy Bishop's warnings are not visionary: the future he describes is already on the drawing boards, some of it in experimental flight, and he makes it clear that more of it would be in action but for our preoccupation with mass production of existing models—and even these are continually refined on the basis of tremendous scientific advances and of highly particularized combat reports. But the major combatants have got jet-propulsion planes in flight (the Germans have them in action)—planes whose engines have "only about 10 per cent as many moving parts as the ordinary airplane engine," and hence are cheaper, easier to produce, more easily kept running.

Next comes rocket propulsion—V-2 and its posterity. The jerky and inaccurate prototype of today will be replaced by machines which "will leave the ground smoothly, impelled by rocket motors," will fly through the lower atmosphere by jet-propulsion, and will switch back to rocket-propulsion when they reach the thin stratospheric altitudes, to cross the Atlantic Ocean in "three hours, perhaps less." Needless to say, they will arrive at their destination before the sound of their coming; and whether they come laden with passengers and freight or with bombs and air-borne troops depends entirely on what we do in the next several months about the structure of peace, about the settlement of international airways, and about the creation of mutual trust.

Bishop says simply: "The Air Age faces mankind with a sharp choice—the choice between Winged Peace or Winged Death. It's up to you." Neither economist nor political scientist, he regards world air as nothing less than *world* property, "solely because I can think of no other way in which we can make use of the air globally without courting disaster." Looking with cold eyes at "the men who permitted Germany and Japan to arm, who helped them to do so, or who failed at least to arm us," he comes to an inevitable conclusion: "Aviation is too dangerous a weapon for stupid or selfish people to possess for their personal use. . . . Never again dare the people of the world allow air power to be used without restraint by mad dreamers of world conquest, or monopolized by private ownership for the acquisition of profit."

Bishop doesn't much care if you call this socialism: "The first question which faces mankind . . . is whether our civilization is going to survive or man is going to destroy it, and whether it is to be saved or destroyed through the medium of capitalism or socialism, or a mixture of both, is purely secondary." The instruments for destruction are in our hands *now,* that is the point: the United Nations *now* have an air force capable of ruling the world, or of bringing it outward peace so that we shall have time to bring it the inward peace of justice. A commercial war for traffic in the air will not be found conducive to these ends; and Bishop has the honesty to say that the danger lies not only in our present enemies "but even between ourselves."

Yet when the Australian and New Zealand delegates pleaded for internationalization of world civil airways at Chicago last week, Adolf A. Berle, head of the American delegation, applauded their idealism and said we must accept the real: sovereignty of the national air, free competition for world routes and world trade. This is limited truth at its worst. The "real" is this: V-2 may soon bring six tons of explosives in one bundle; "Moscow is a city reached by flight north from New York around the top of the world via Reykjavik and down the other side"; and all of us, assistant secretaries of state, airline operators, and coal miners alike, "must live in the same world with these new developments of science."

These developments are not fearsome in themselves, only in how we employ them. It is questionable whether the

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American plan for unlimited competition, the British plan for government-managed cartel arrangements, or the Chicago compromise for an "interim" and "consultative" body will guarantee their correct and peaceful employment. "The squabble of politicians over scattered air bases," Gauvreau observes, will "seem like an ignorant waste of time"—the new planes will bomb Europe from America and return non-stop—and on Richard Edes Harrison's curved maps in the Bishop book the Arctic Ocean is seen to be a new Mediterranean proclaiming the death of American isolation; yet the Russians are not at Chicago.

The flying machine has revolutionized geography and abolished national frontiers and strategic barriers. Unless we all go farther and faster than we are going at Chicago in our realization of these facts, unless the world air is world controlled, we had better start digging deeper shelters.

The Future of the P.A.C.

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, November 12

THOUGH the election is less than a week old, the need for continued political action by the labor movement, progressive farm groups, and their middle-class liberal allies is painfully evident. The President, unless stopped by protests now going to the White House, is prepared to nominate a surplus-property board which will be dominated by Jesse Jones and Will Clayton. The industrial plants, commodity surpluses, and farm lands accumulated by the government in the prosecution of the war represent our most powerful instrument in shaping our economy toward that goal of 60,000,000 jobs to which Mr. Roosevelt but recently pledged himself. On the advice of Director of War Mobilization James F. Byrnes, the President is ready to hand the mighty social fulcrum of war surpluses over to a board which would be the faithful servant of the big-business and big-farmer point of view. This is exactly what we could have expected of Dewey, and it dramatizes the fact that progressives have a double task ahead. One is to support the President; the other is to fight him. Both call for organized political action all the way down to the grass roots.

Unless we organize quickly, all will be as it was before. The crucial part played by the C. I. O.'s P. A. C. in this election is admitted everywhere. Except in Jersey City and Chicago the regular Democratic Party machine gave a poor performance, and the new party chairman, Robert E. Hannegan, seems to have won his greatest campaign triumphs in the better New York night clubs. But the political dope stories in today's papers naturally assume thaat Hannegan will be "taken care of" with a Cabinet post. Aside from some gossip about Dan Tobin for Secretary of Labor, no one speculates on what the Administration intends to do for the labor forces that went down the line for it in the election. It is assumed that politics will go on being a professional affair in which men like Philip Murray and Sidney Hillman will be satisfied with an occasional back-door summons to the White House.

The elections in the South were noteworthy for the elimination of one outstanding reactionary after another. Reynolds, "Cotton Ed" Smith, Dies, and Starnes are out, while the leading Southern New Dealers, Pepper and Hill, are back, vindicated. But in and around the White House, the South of the big planter and the new capitalist speaks with undiminished strength through Jones and Clayton. (It is hoped, as of this writing, that Byrnes will keep his word and retire, to be replaced by Vinson.) In Congress this crowd hopes to resume its dominance through an alliance with the Republicans. In company with some of Bricker's best friends, the Jones-Clayton group, backed by the big money of both industry and agriculture, is lobbying industriously for revision of the Surplus Property Act. Their activities are aimed at "unworkable" provisions which would give veterans, farmers, small business, and cooperatives a chance to buy some of these surplus properties. This lobby, one blushes to report, will be aided in its efforts by remarks the President made when he signed the bill. Again on the advice of Byrnes, Mr. Roosevelt said some of its provisions were "awkward" and in need of amendment. The bill did, indeed, make it awkward for the big boys to make off with the war-surplus swag.

How useful it would be if the C. I. O.'s P. A. C. and the National Citizens' P. A. C. and the joint labor committees which sprang up in many cities and states were available and working to assure the fruits of victory! If we had an organization that could take the meaning of the surplus-property fights to the worker in the factory and the farmer in his field and the housewife in her kitchen and the small business man in his shop, the roar of protest would make these attempted steals by presumably defeated forces impossible. How useful it would be if we could organize mass understanding and mass pressure behind the Pepper 65-cents-an-hour minimum-pay bill on which hearings open Friday, how effective if we could swing fully behind the reopening fight for a permanent F. E. P. C. and justice for the Negro!

I should like to offer a few tentative suggestions toward the achievement of that purpose, some my own, some the fruit of off-the-record talks with various labor leaders and progressives. I do not pretend to have the answer to the complex organizational problems involved, but it may help to clear the air if we go over a few basic points. The success of the C. I. O.'s P. A. C. has turned some of its earlier critics into friends, and everywhere I found a desire to see some organization of the kind continue. The P. A. C.'s predecessors—Labor's Non-Partisan League, the Norris-LaGuardia

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committee—disbanded or died out after the Presidential campaigns in which they played a part. There is general agreement that this must not happen again, for three reasons. The first is that a truly effective political organization cannot be improvised within a few months of election. The second is that to let such organizations die out after a Presidential campaign is to hand the opposition victory by default at the next Congressional election. The third is that it is not enough to elect a President or even a Congress. It is necessary to maintain the public understanding and the public pressure without which the men elected tend to slip back into the orbit of the powerful moneyed forces that by and large govern the country despite elections. A democracy is only free as long as its people are not asleep; unfortunately the awakenings in the past have been but intermittent.

It is as well to be honest with ourselves about the election just past. The P. A. C. is given credit for electing a President, and the credit is deserved. F. D. R. could have won in 1936 without labor but not in 1944. The margin was not too comfortable, despite the Electoral College landslide. The victory was only possible through a coalition of forces ranging far outside the labor movement and with a glamorous, adroit, and popular leader. We progressives bask in a glory we do not entirely deserve, and we had better make the best of it while we have it. Our greatest asset is an evanescent one; it is the momentum of success. To be utilized, it must be utilized quickly; six months hence, a year hence, the part played by the P. A. C. in the 1944 elections will be history. Now is the time to organize, when the band-wagon is crowded, the P. A. C.'s prestige at its peak, the nucleus of an organization ready at hand, intra-left quarrels at a minimum, and many persons in the country eager to go on with political action.

In organizing, it would be well to keep away from White House influences, including the progressives in the President's own official entourage. Mr. Roosevelt wants labor's support every four years, but if I read his mind rightly he is not too anxious to have labor operate as a going concern in politics. For we will be pressuring him and upsetting some of his compromises with the right. The liberals with official jobs who have to check with "the skipper" for clearance are good people in their place but dubious allies in this particular job.

My third point is a more complicated one. It is the necessity for hitting a middle course between a P. A. C. that is simply an adjunct of the C. I. O. or even of the labor movement as a whole and a P. A. C. that is so generalized in character and so completely dominated by middle-class liberals as to lose its mass base and vitality. Without the C. I. O. and its most militant elements we can never get down to the grass roots and be politically effective on local and state, much less national, levels. Without representatives of the farmer, the progressive small business man, the intellectuals, and forward-looking middle-class elements, we cannot achieve that broader coalition necessary to political success.

I am inclined to think, and so are many others, that we need two organizations closely linked, one a merger of the National Citizens' Political Action Committee with the other independent committees that worked for Roosevelt, plus any other representative labor and middle-class elements. The bars imposed by the Smith-Connally act against direct trade-union contributions in elections is one of the reasons why such an organization is needed. A more important one is that it can mobilize non-labor elements and non-C. I. O. elements for political action, and it should do so in local and state groups as well as national. Alongside this broad organization, energizing and helping its work, we need to keep in existence the C. I. O. Political Action Committee, under whatever name or form. The C. I. O., its internationals, their locals, and the state and municipal bodies ought each to have a political-action department, heading up into a national office. Where possible on state and local levels these ought to be linked with broad political-action groups on which the A. F. of L. and the Brotherhoods are represented, and these in turn should be represented on the local and state citizens' political-action committees.

The C. I. O.'s P. A. C. would function not outside the C. I. O. but as a definite division of the C. I. O. It could fulfil three tasks—legislative, political, and public relations. In the first it would coordinate the activities of the internationals and other constituent bodies here, in the state capitals, and at the city halls, helping labor to learn the technique of effective lobbying (let not the word scare us), of handling bills, building hearings, and arranging for a continuous flow of information out and pressure in on public issues. In the second task it would help to prepare not only for the 1946 elections but for local and state elections. In these, especially in the primaries, machines operate successfully because the vote is small. Public education on the issues and in getting out the vote in these primaries and lesser elections would revitalize and liberalize American politics, especially in the South. In this connection, immediate organizational action is particularly necessary. The Southern primaries begin in May, 1946; poll taxes have to be paid three to six months before the primaries; that brings us back to the latter part of 1945. Effective campaigns cannot be run on the basis of liberal clichés and leftist stereotypes. Exact knowledge of the district, its divisions, local issues, and needs, is necessary. The P. A. C. ought to begin work next spring on the 1946 primaries. That is where the Democratic Party, notably in the South, can get rid of reactionary elements.

In public relations, there is much to be done in teaching labor leaders and trade unions how to handle the press; in providing labor papers with information, articles, and mats from Washington; and in laying the basis for a progressive popular press of our own based on citizens' political-action groups. But the main public-relations job will be a by-product of the other tasks. It is by breaking down barriers of hostility and misunderstanding between labor and the farmer and other elements of the community through joint political action that labor can best change public attitudes toward it. Labor cooperation and labor leadership on progressive community and state as well as national issues can win it new respect and extend its influence to groups untouched by ordinary trade-union issues. Its very size is forcing the labor movement itself to think in these broader terms; organized labor looms so large today in the nation that it can achieve basic bread-and-butter aims only through political action for a healthy economy and stable world. On such a basis a victorious progressive coalition can be maintained. The time to start is now.

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Chile's Democracy in Danger

BY RAY JOSEPHS

THE news from Latin America continues bad, and from no country is it more disquieting than from Chile, one of the few real democracies south of the border. President Juan Antonio Rios has temporarily retired from office to undergo an operation for intestinal ulcers. Vice-President Alfonso Quintana, who holds the Presidency for the time being, is a fifty-two-year-old lawyer, formerly Minister of the Interior and Minister of Agriculture. He is little known outside Chile. He took over the administration at a particularly bad time, just six days after Rios's Cabinet had resigned in order to give the President a free hand in reorganizing an unsatisfactory government.

The new Cabinet—with only four holdovers, including Foreign Minister Joaquin Fernandez—was announced the day after the old one resigned, but neither this fact nor the temporary withdrawal of Rios has done much to relieve the social unrest which endangers constitutional government in the country.

Significantly enough Argentina has concentrated a large part of its rearmament program on mountain garrisons, ski troops, and parachute jumpers. Its only mountain-bordered neighbors are Bolivia—which has a military junta—and Chile. Colonel Perón, the War Minister, Vice-President, and Secretary of Social Welfare in Argentina, once served as a military attaché to Chile. Although his departure from Santiago was effected under rather mysterious circumstances, he has made no attempt to conceal his continued concern in Chilean affairs.

The chief fear of Chile's democrats is the army, which is represented in the Cabinet by General Arnaldo Carrasco, director of the Military College and Minister of Defense. The army has close contact with the Argentine militarists, and as internal and external pressure on Argentina grows, these militarists are steadily increasing their own pressure on Chile. They are reported to have told a number of high-ranking Chilean officers that Argentine rearmament had proceeded so far that Argentina would be able to dominate Chile in less than a week of war. Argentina has no desire for territorial aggrandizement, the Chilean officers were told, but because "the rest of the Americas are trying to isolate it," it may be forced to take strong measures. A peaceful solution would be possible, these Argentines pointed out, if certain sympathetic Chilean militarists were to oust the civil administration of President Rios, take over the government, and work jointly with Argentina for the long-projected southern bloc of Latin American countries, "free from Yankee domination and influence."

There are many people in Chile—I met them during my recent visit there—who don't believe such a venture could succeed. But there are fully as many, if not more, who fear that it is inevitable if relations between Argentina and the United States do not change for the better. The civilian government of President Rios, a popular front at its inception but now disintegrating, has feared to make any move that might offend the Argentine rulers. And even those Santiago newspapers which have been most critical of the Rios administration have tempered their remarks or simply remained silent about the Buenos Aires government.

The growing unrest among the Chilean people is apparent to anyone who knows the country, and particularly to those who have known it in better times. Chile is poor, living costs are rising, the government is unstable, and the people are worried about the status of their country in the post-war world. Shortages of fuel and other essentials have become serious, food is scarce, and hoarding and speculation have resulted in runaway prices. The price-control system has failed, and distribution is inefficient. Because the people are unhappy, they consume inordinate quantities of Chile's famous red wine. Drunkenness has become a national disgrace. The government is conducting an intensive educational campaign to show the advantages of temperance, but the conditions that drive people to drink grow worse.

The Chilean people have not benefited to any large extent from the export of nitrates, copper, and other minerals for war purposes. Though money is more plentiful, its buying power has been curtailed by heavy inflation. After the war, exports of Chile's raw materials will be drastically cut and the country will face a serious economic crisis. Some national industries have been developed, but the Chilean equivalent of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation—the *Corporación de Fomento de la Produción*—has been too tangled in red tape to provide much stimulation of industrial development.

Many Chileans, not pessimists by nature, see little prospect of improvement. Some even fear that Chile may become a ghost country. The nation has been divided rather than united by its troubles. There are sixteen political parties, none of which has anything like a working majority. The Radicals are split, the Socialists are split, the Democrats are split. As a result, there are constant cat-and-dog fights, realignments, and shifts of allegiance. Most observers agree that the Communists are the only group with any stability.

Poker-faced President Rios, a good politician but a poor administrator, has spent most of his energies in a vain effort to strengthen his own position. He rode into La Moneda, Santiago's ancient Presidential palace, with the kind of backing President Roosevelt had in 1933. Since then he has had to jockey and juggle constantly to maintain even a semblance of unity in his coalition government. And while he has been thus engaged, the country's economy has been crumbling. The need for social reform has become increasingly obvious; many reforms are on the books, but few of them have been implemented. Rios has made repeated promises to implement them and has been granted emergency powers for

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the purpose, but he has not done it. Meanwhile, the political groups which favor reform are unable to unite on a program. Rios has openly stated that the liberal parties should govern the country, but with constitutional correctness he insists that he cannot take orders from any one party. His present Cabinet is another compromise, designed to last until after the March elections, when, supposedly, he will be able to name a Cabinet in accordance with political sentiment.

There is little doubt that the Argentine issue looms large to every political group in Chile, and to a certain extent there is closer agreement on this subject than on any other. Those who know Rios and the Foreign Office best insist that Chile's quick recognition of the Farrell regime, at a time when all the other Good Neighbor republics were standing aloof, was unavoidable, even if it was not understood in Washington and elsewhere. The Bolivian military coup had taken place not long before, and there was a good deal of evidence that Argentina had instigated it. Rios, so it is reported, felt that if he did not make the friendly gesture of recognition he might have a coup on his own hands.

Further, Rios believed that recognition would prompt Argentina to prove its good intentions by accepting the suggestions then being made by Under Secretary of State Stettinius. Rios's friends insist that he felt that a Chilean ambassador working actively in Buenos Aires could do more to bring about action against Axis agents and the restoration of civil rights than one marking time at home or unable to engage in any official dealings. Rios regrets his error but feels that it was no greater than that of the United States in recognizing Ramirez with the same false hope.

Chilean emotions have been mixed since recognition. Despite our notes and protests and threats, Argentina has grown progressively richer by selling meat and wheat to us and the other Allies. This has caused the Chileans to dislike not Argentina but the United States. They know their country has cooperated in the war effort in every way—supplying vital raw materials, acting against Axis agents, contributing to hemisphere defense—and they feel that they have nothing to show for it. "Why," they ask, "have we not received more help when the authoritarian regimes in Brazil and Peru have been given all sorts of assistance?"

No matter what the answer, no matter whose the responsibility, the Chileans feel that they have been let down, and their resentment is turned against us, the rich uncle in the north. Many of them believe that the United States dictates, or attempts to dictate, to them. As a small country with powerful and sometimes bickering neighbors, Chile has always been jealous of its sovereignty, its rights and prerogatives. All this makes Chile's political future uncertain. Similar conditions in Argentina made it possible for the army to take over in June, 1943. Rios, aware of the possibility of an attempt to oust him, has tried to rally around himself as large a section of the officer corps as possible. Some army men who favor the President say that there is little chance of a successful coup, pointing out that military uprisings in Chile have hardly ever succeeded. Chileans, they add, would never accept a military regime—at least not without far more bloodshed than occurred in Argentina. But it must be admitted that there are strong admirers of Argentine fascism in Chile today. How strong they are remains to be seen.

10 Years Ago in "The Nation"

ALTHOUGH THE JAPANESE DEMAND for complete equality is likely to be somewhat modified under pressure, it is idle to deny that a great gulf exists between the positions taken by the Japanese and American governments with regard to naval limitation. Tokyo's demands would give Japan not only full parity but actual superiority in Far Eastern waters. . . . The outcome of the naval discussions is inevitably linked with the larger question of Japanese ambitions in China.—*November 7, 1934.*

"THE DARING YOUNG MAN on the Flying Trapeze, and Other Stories." By William Saroyan. . . . Mr. Saroyan has been blown toward us all of a sudden, and the shock of his personality doesn't leave one in the best position for looking into his character. . . . On the strength of this particular book I suspect he will become, to his great disadvantage, a fad.—LOUIS KRONENBERGER, *November 7, 1934.*

ART YOUNG CELEBRATION of his 66 2/3 years of service to the radical movement. . . . Heywood Broun, Master of Ceremonies. . . . Civic Repertory Theater. (ADVT.)—*November 14, 1934.*

WITH THE PASSAGE, in eighty-four hours and twenty-one minutes, of forty-four bills in the Louisiana legislature—or less than two hours per bill—Senator Huey Long has made himself dictator of his state. He controls every state board of any importance, a state civil-service commission, and a state bar association which will pass on the fitness of lawyers to practice; and his debt-moratorium law ties up the banks and other financial institutions so effectively that their control, too, is in the Senator's hands. Having captured his state, Mr. Long comes out into the open and announces himself a candidate for the Presidency in 1936, on an anti-New Deal program supported by "plain, honest, thinking men."—*November 28, 1934.*

THE DATE OF EXECUTION for Clarence Norris and Haywood Patterson, convicted of rape in the long-famous Scottsboro case, was set for December 7. We have just learned that a stay of execution . . . has been granted to February 8, 1935. As time moves inexorably toward that fatal day, only one thing, in the clouds that surround the action, remains clear: although the innocence of the defendants is overwhelmingly indicated, they have never had a fair trial.—*November 28, 1934.*

"I'D DO IT AGAIN, SIR! I'm a believer in that method of accounting." Thus Samuel Insull on cross-examination, the same Samuel Insull as always: wily, arrogant, domineering, despotic; older but far from feeble; explaining matters confidentially to the jury; fencing with the prosecutor, now exceedingly polite, now indignant or scornful; getting "very earnest," as he calls it, when his veracity is doubted; turning to the judge in protest against "double-barreled questions"; withal enjoying his role, as hero or villain, in this the last act of his personal drama.—MITCHELL DAWSON, *November 28, 1934.*

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Toward a Socialist Europe

BY CHARLES DAVILA

HAVING been asked to discuss the "hopes of the European peoples concerning what will emerge from their sufferings and sacrifices in this war, I am reminded of a little-known letter written by Voltaire to Boswell in which the Frenchman comments on "that thing called soul, about which the priests know so much and the physicians so little." The feeling of "hope" springs precisely from "that thing called soul." Perhaps I should try to treat the subject as a priest and physician, that is, according to Voltaire, with the divination of the one and the scant experimental knowledge of the other. But I believe it better to review briefly some historical facts. In any case I am glad that Voltaire is not around, or, if he is, that he cannot make any audible wisecrack.

The soul of present-day Europe has been shaped by a historical phase of which this war may be the climax. The phase started with the French Revolution and the emergence of the nationalist principle, which resulted in new and sharper divisions between the various states. Simultaneously the development of industry resulted in the formation of modern capitalism, which on the one hand established a new link between the nationalist states and on the other tended to avail itself of the nationalist ideal to dominate the political life in every country and thereby increase its own profits. When in the second half of the nineteenth century the Marxist doctrine challenged the capitalist system, a new force cutting horizontally through the national divisions intensified the European crisis. To the strong national antagonisms was added social antagonism. While supposed national interests were previously the reason for alliances between states, now the class struggle started working at cross-purposes with them. Still the nationalist vertical division remained clearly dominant until 1917, when the Russian Revolution turned the tide. Today the horizontal social force seems to sweep away the national divisions, in spite of the temporary intensification of nationalism caused by Hitler's imperialist war.

If in the historical perspective the Munich Pact of 1938 appears to have been the result of the same fear that produced the Treaty of Vienna in 1815—being another sort of "holy" alliance against revolutionary tendencies—the present state of Europe can be compared, *mutanda mutandis,* to the revolutionary era of 1848. At that time the constitutional monarchy was adopted as a compromise between the rights of the legitimate ruler and those of the awakened nation, the victor and the vanquished at the Vienna Congress. The new formula—actually contradictory to democratic principles, being predicated on the right of birth—was based on both the "grace of God" and the "will of the people" and thus put both decisions on the same level, an absurd assumption in itself. But a compromise had to be found between the old legitimacy and the new nationalism. So a hybrid institution was created, linking the mystic past with the factual present.

If history is now to repeat itself in Europe, we ought to get a new hybrid institution linking the capitalist "legitimacy" with the socialist reality. "By the good grace of the capitalists and the will of the socialists" would not sound more contradictory than the formula of the constitutional monarchy. But there is a fundamental difference. The liberal middle-class revolutionists of 1848 had retained, through a long tradition and a deeply rooted mysticism, a feeling of loyalty toward their rulers and could not conceive a system without them; while the European revolutionists of today have no kind feelings toward their own capitalist groups and can very well conceive—after the Soviet experiment—a system without them. Besides, the people's previous patience is gone. They are in the mood to bring about deep and immediate changes in the social and economic structure of all European countries. Thus a new factor, one that may lead to the unification of the whole of Europe by overcoming nineteenth-century chauvinism, has made its appearance. It supplies Europe with a new common denominator that should be stronger than European capitalism, always handicapped by excessive selfishness and particularist tendencies.

The new phenomenon ought to be gratifying to the architects of peace, for Europe is too small to remain peaceful without a common principle of political authority based on a common social and economic structure. Three centuries ago Pascal observed that an idea cannot be true on one side of the Pyrenees and false on the other side. I think that now at last, in the era of telegraph, telephone, radio, and aviation, and especially after this catastrophic war, the European peoples must understand Pascal's simple truth.

But what idea? What common principle? The choice seems to be limited to a socialist system retaining all individual political rights and communism, two systems which can coexist, as the former would start a convergent evolution with the latter—considering Soviet Russia's 1936 constitution and the laws governing all revolutions.

From behind the barrier of the Atlantic Ocean the capitalist United States could profitably trade with the new Europe, to everybody's advantage. What it cannot do is try to bring back to private capitalism a continent that has already outgrown that stage. Any policy endeavoring to use religion to stem the tide toward European socialism is full of danger. And no encouragement for such a policy should be derived from the new attitude of Soviet Russia toward religion. That attitude is the consequence of a certain evolution of the Soviet Union but should in no way be interpreted as the abandonment of fundamental socialist principles. More than ever, and for their own good, the churches should refrain from intervening in political issues.

To the European tendencies and hopes just described I must add the people's expectation that, for mutual advantage, America will extend credits for the reconstruction of devastated Europe. This expectation is based also on the knowl-

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edge that, as Pertinax put it, the game stops when one boy has got all the marbles.

As regards the reorganization of Europe, I believe that once the war criminals have been punished, a general desire for order and discipline will develop and will be expressed in the new constitutions. There is a tendency to give more authority to the government than in the pre-war parliamentary regimes, thus making possible a strong and stable leadership. Some nations, especially in the West, will get political and economic rights simultaneously. Other nations may put the accent in the beginning more on economic justice and education, thus following the Soviet example. But the great difference with the past will be that the existence of both kinds of democracy, political and economic, will make the return of fascism and social reaction impossible.

On their merits, and in philosophical discussions, other systems than the inevitable European socialism may appear to many people likely to produce better results. But this is the mood of Europe's peoples today. This is the swing of the historical pendulum. It could be noticed in General de Gaulle's speech at Lille. As the French philosopher Gustave le Bon put it: "Politics are the art of possibilities. In political matters there is no absolute truth. There are great or small truths according to the number of people who support them."

We in Europe have learned in this ordeal that as the individual had to relinquish his total sovereignty for domestic order, the states have to relinquish their total sovereignty for international order. You did it, on a continental scale, in the United States. I think that the European peoples will be satisfied with a new kind of sovereignty among them, a sovereignty that will actually abolish the sovereign right to start wars. Most Europeans believe also—I think rightly—that the disappearance of large amalgamations of private capital, the adoption of managed economies, and general social leveling will do away with the causes of war.

But the lingering fear remains that the difference in political and social climate between the greater part of continental Europe and the Anglo-Saxon powers may start another tornado in the future; or that Great Britain's natural desire to control all sea lanes linking the British Commonwealth and Russia's natural desire not to have its exits to the open sea controlled by another power may result in a future conflict. That is the reason, it is believed, why power-political settlements are still being considered among the various nations and within them. There is some confidence between certain leaders, but there are great doubts concerning the evolution of the great states.

Yet most persons hope that a good-neighbor policy—on the pan-American pattern—will govern relations between Soviet Russia and many European countries, and that it will even, through the socialist common denominator, constitute an improvement on the pan-American system. On the other hand, all the people of Europe fervently hope that the continuation of the Teheran policy by Russia, Great Britain, and the United States (with the indispensable addition of France), great powers which have outgrown the imperialist stage, will put an end to the disastrous balance-of-power policy and provide the background for a strong system of international security guaranteeing real freedom for every nation.

[*The foregoing is the text of Dr. Davila's address at the recent Nation Associates' conference.*]

In the Wind

EDUCATION: The University of Alabama is on the War Department's list of approved schools giving correspondence courses to men in the armed forces. A Negro soldier in the Pacific applied for enrolment in a course that was not offered by any other school on the list. But the university refused to accept a Negro student even by mail.

RELIGION: Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen, in a speech at Boston, said the American family is disintegrating. "The family is higher in Russia than in the United States," he said, "and God looking down from heaven may be more pleased with Russia than with us."

SMALL BUSINESS: The Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America devotes most of its current bulletin, *Information Service,* to an article entitled Are Funerals Being Commercialized? The answer, given in detail, is yes.

INTERSTATE COMMERCE: The Regional Plan Association reports, "For every three New Jersey residents commuting to offices in New York there are now two New York residents traveling to jobs in New Jersey."

BROTHERHOOD: A *Nation* subscriber in Florida passes on to us an anonymous handbill he found in his mail box, which maintains that Northern agitators "antagonize the black race against the white, until the Southern Negro is losing the only real friend he ever had—the Southern white man. . . . The Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth amendments to the federal Constitution, shoved down the throat of a defeated and helpless South after the War Between the States, are to be literally enforced. . . . While our boys fight all over the world for liberty, we lose it at home."

SOUR GRAPES: *Time,* which stressed the importance of the P. A. C. throughout the campaign, now implies (November 13, page 22) that Roosevelt's victory was due less to the P. A. C. than to Republican apathy.

FESTUNG EUROPA: The conduct of Nazi soldiers in Denmark is such that the national union of trade and office clerks has organized a "convoy service" to escort girls home after work, and other organizations are planning to take similar precautions. . . . The German Propaganda Ministry, for reasons of its own, has ordered all newspapers henceforth to print the texts of the Führer's speeches in small type. Some Berlin wits say the purpose is to keep people from reading between the lines.

[*The $5 prize for the best item received during October goes to R. B. Magnuson of Detroit, for the story of the Chrysler economist's statement that slum clearance was impossible. It appeared in the issue of October 28.*]

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Polls, Politics, Propaganda

Post Mortem

THOUGH the final election figures are not yet available, it is possible to make a few points about the performance of the great national polls.

1. With respect to the national civilian vote they were very close together and very right. The popular civilian vote for Roosevelt is given at this time (November 10) as approximately 52.5 per cent. Gallup predicted 51.5 per cent, the National Opinion Research Center 51.7 per cent, Roper 53.6 per cent (which, he said, took into account the soldier vote), and Crossley 52 per cent (incuding .8 per cent for the soldier vote). This is a truly impressive technical performance and marks great progress over previous years.

2. On the vote by states the record of the national polls is not so good. Both Gallup and Crossley gave far too many states to Dewey, although Crossley came closer to the actual outcome by predicting New York for Roosevelt. Roper made a prediction about only one state, Pennsylvania, and was off more than the others. At this writing, the Roosevelt vote in Pennsylvania is about 51 per cent, which is what Gallup predicted, whereas Roper made it 53.2 per cent and Crossley 51 per cent with the soldier vote.

Faulty predictions about individual states can be attributed to sampling difficulties. They are serious because state figures get much attention in the daily press—owing to the Electoral College system—and it is here that the whole technique most needs improvement. Correct sampling consists of two steps. First sample areas are chosen and then sample people within the areas. For a nation-wide poll several hundred sampling points are selected on the basis of past voting performance and the relevant social characteristics. Although the regional element complicates the problem, the sample areas do not need to be equally distributed among the states. As a matter of fact, certain states might be omitted and the national poll still be accurate. In predicting the vote in a state, especially if conditions there present a complicated pattern, almost as many sampling points are needed as in predicting for the whole nation. Thus correct state-by-state figures require perhaps twenty to thirty times as many sampling points as a correct national total. And no poll now uses so many.

3. Improvements in prediction by states could be effected in a variety of ways. The national polling organizations, for instance, could arrange that each would take over some of the most doubtful states for more intensive study. Or they could act as advisers to newspapers conducting polls in their own states. On the whole, the newspapers did very well, partly because they used all their resources in a smaller area and partly because their detailed knowledge of the ground enabled them to pick their sampling areas more successfully. Two Chicago newspapers predicted that Illinois would go for Roosevelt—the Chicago *Tribune* by 50.6 per cent and the Chicago *Times* by 51.3 per cent of the civilian vote (the actual civilian vote probably was about 52 per cent). The other three major newspaper polls—by the Des Moines *Register* for Iowa, the Minneapolis *Tribune* for Minnesota, and the New York *Daily News* for New York—were all closer to the true picture than was Gallup, although the last two papers gave a slight edge to Dewey.

4. There still exists a slight but undesirable relation between the political leanings of the polling agency and its results. This is due to a technical and a psychological factor. The first has to do with the selection of personnel. The director chooses his assistant, his assistants choose the interviewers, the interviewers choose the respondents. A prudent organization will try to get a politically balanced crew of interviewers, but it is likely that step by step there will creep in a slight bias in the selection of personnel and respondents; and in the end Roper will have picked up more statements of Democratic intentions and Gallup more of Republican intentions.

A psychological factor operates because into every final prediction a certain amount of judgment enters. If the polling returns from one section of the country have unexpected proportions, the director has to decide whether he should consider this a legitimate, though surprising, result or a sample misfortune, making it necessary to take a new poll. The estimate of what the "don't knows" will do in the end is made by the director. Which of the two parties will be more successful in getting out the vote is a question for him to decide. Since a director's personal opinion is almost bound to influence his judgment, it is gratifying to note how small are the actual differences between the various polls.

5. Efforts were made during the campaign to combine polling results with other considerations in order to come to the best possible conclusion. The accuracy of the polls in the past and the voting record of the states were both included. J. K. G. in *The Nation* suggested that one should add 3 per cent or 4 per cent to Gallup's prediction of the Democratic vote in all the states because he usually erred on the Republican side. Thus J. K. G. predicted a Democratic victory in the twenty-one states which Gallup kept in the doubtful zone with a Democratic vote of between 47 and 53 per cent. He was wrong on only three of them—Ohio, Wyoming, and Maine.

Somewhat greater was the mistake made by this column. Our analysis was an elaboration of Louis Bean's observation that the Republican area which has its center in the corn belt expands and contracts as the national Republican average rises and falls. Assuming a Republican national vote of 47 per cent—as could be anticipated from the polls—Minnesota, Illinois, and Michigan to the east of this center and Idaho to the west should have gone Republican; Missouri and Oklahoma to the south had to be left doubtful. Actually the Republican area was much smaller, and all these states went for Roosevelt. This seems to be the most interesting feature of the election, and it will need much further analysis. The differences between the various sections of the country were smaller than usual—most sections returned a vote closer to the national average than they had before. As a result the President was able to carry many more states with a relatively small plurality than could have been expected on the ground of past voting performance.

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Bureau of Applied Social Research, Columbia University

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The Argentine Menace: Two Views

Nazis and Phalangists

BY FELIX CERNUSCHI

IN THE course of the long and intense debate which has been going on about Argentina, all varieties of opinion have been heard. Some people demand the diplomatic and economic isolation of the Buenos Aires dictatorship; others favor a policy of appeasement. Many believe that the great majority of the Argentines are against the government; others think that the policy of the State Department has been driving Argentine liberals into the arms of the Nazi-fascist Argentine dictatorship. All these views have had wide publicity. The only one which has not been presented is that of the Argentine people.

Of course it is difficult to obtain a clear idea of what the people think. Some months ago Colonel Perón announced that press censorship was to be ended. Actually the new press policy was designed to deceive the rest of the continent. The fascist government, realizing the disadvantages of direct suppression of the news, adopted a different system which has proved most effective. The newspapers are free to comment on the price of cattle and on the activities of the weather bureau. They can even discuss the foreign policy of the government—if they do not forget that the government controls paper supplies and other means of coercion. When an important Buenos Aires daily took this "freedom of the press" seriously and published the statement of an exiled Argentine leader in Montevideo denouncing Nazi activities in Argentina and the war preparations of its dictatorship, the paper was not suppressed, but it had to pay for its courage. The government simply intervened in a transaction between the paper and a bank and caused the paper the loss of 160,000 pesos.

Nevertheless, the Argentine people have found ways of making their views public. Three days after the establishment of the military dictatorship in June, 1943, the first illegal Argentine paper appeared—*Unidad Nacional*. Today it is impossible to make a complete list of such papers. Many of them are typewritten or mimeographed. They are published by students, workers, physicians, newspapermen from the great dailies who want to express their true opinions. Never has there been more journalistic activity in Argentina than now. Every party, every political group, has its paper. Former members of the Radical Party of ex-President Alvear publish *La Voz Radical* in Buenos Aires and many other papers in the provinces. The Socialists have *Llamarada,* the Communists *Unidad Nacional*. There are also *Voz de Mayo, Urquiza despierta! (Urquiza, Awake!* Urquiza was the military commander of the army which overthrew the tyrant Rosas in 1852), *Libertad, Camarada, El Garrote, Pancho Ramirez, El Angel de la Cornisa, El Constitucional, La Chaira,* and *Joven Argentina*. A group of exiles in Montevideo publishes *Pueblo Argentino*. In Santiago another group puts out *Informaciones Argentinas*.

The position of the Argentine people is therefore not a matter of speculation. From the beginning the great majority have been opposed to the dictatorship, though it took from eight to ten months for the forces of resistance to organize. The formation of the committee known as Patria Libre was an important step in the unification of the elements which support democracy and oppose fascism. On this committee are men of all shades of political opinion, and its organ, *Himno Nacional,* faithfully reflects the policy of unity.

There was a day when the entire underground movement came to the surface—the day Paris fell. The greatest public demonstration ever known in Argentina took place in Buenos Aires. The people shouted not only "Long live France" but "Death to fascism." Similar demonstrations occurred in Cordoba, Rosario, Santa Fe, Tucumán, La Plata, Paraná, and other cities. They provided tremendous encouragement to the Argentine leaders now in Montevideo, who are building a representative junta of all the parties and forces which oppose the dictatorship.

Of course until that junta is formed no one can be called its representative. I say this because some newspapers in the United States have stated that I pretend to be here in that capacity. I am simply one of the hundreds of thousands of people who are part of the movement of resistance, one of those who are convinced that only through the establishment of a democratic regime can my country serve the great cause for which the United Nations are fighting.

It is no longer excusable to misinterpret the nature of the regime which was set up on June 4, 1943. In its issue of June, 1944, the illegal *Voz de Mayo* declared: "Born of a military coup, without popular support, the government has maintained itself through chaos, treason, and demagogy. No matter what it says, its aim is quite clear—the establishment of a totalitarian regime which pretends to be Argentine but which is in essence Nazi and clerical."

The Argentine dictatorship is Nazi-fascist and nothing else. Its advisers are German Nazis and Spanish Phalangists. It extends its protection to international fascist capital. At the same time it makes good use of money obtained from other foreign interests, which have always preferred to do business with dictatorships in Latin America rather than with governments of popular origin. The present Argentine government protects all the Nazi agents, Nazi financiers and industrialists, and Spanish Phalangists who have sought refuge in the country. It takes orders from the German General Staff. Only because it wants to save fascism in Europe from complete extinction is it willing partially to don the mask of democracy.

The great majority of the Argentine people have contemptuously rejected the official propaganda which would present the United States as an enemy. For more than a year fascist propaganda in Argentina has tried to convince the

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people that a "strong policy" against the United States would accomplish as great results as Hitler obtained at Munich. That is as absurd as for certain influential persons in the United States to tell their countrymen that an energetic policy against the Argentine dictatorship would generate a powerful current of antagonism to the United States. Sumner Welles's articles are widely reprinted in Argentina by order of the government and frequently praised in the Nazi-fascist press.

Still less comprehensible is Waldo Frank's opinion, as expressed in his article in *The Nation* of October 21. Waldo Frank is a sincere friend of the Argentines and of all Latin Americans. He is listened to with respect and interest. But this time he is profoundly wrong.

There is not, as Mr. Frank suggests, a single liberal in Argentina who considers the fascists "martyrs" as a result of the State Department's policy. Not a single enemy of what Mr. Frank calls "Yankee interference" has been won over by the Nazis on that ground. If Mr. Frank has any proof of his assertions, I urge him, on behalf of the "discouraged liberals" and "sentimental neutrals" to whom he refers, to publish it. I ask him to name one political group, one liberal Argentine paper or magazine, which provides support for his position.

The chief aim of the Farrell-Perón dictatorship is to transform Argentina into a Nazi stronghold from which the struggle can be continued after the end of the war. If the regime is allowed to carry out its purpose, the Third World War will be prepared in South America.

Our Hands Are Not Clean

BY WALDO FRANK

THERE is, of course, no disagreement between Señor Cernuschi and me on the evil of the Perón-Farrell dictatorship, on its unpopularity with most of Argentina's people, and on the urgent need to overthrow it. But, with all due respect, I cannot follow my friend from democratic Tucumán in one of his conclusions.

He says, "The Argentine dictatorship is Nazi-fascist and nothing else." There's more to it than that. Without its domestic base—the landowners who for thirteen years prepared the ground for the generals, the huge bureaucratic and middle classes of Buenos Aires who indirectly live on the landowners, and the widespread jealous nationalism of the country, ever prone to distrust the United States—the Nazi-fascist-clerical elements could get nowhere. But even this is not all. Señor Cernuschi says nothing about the British. Yet British trade is the principal foreign support of the now fourteen-year-old Argentine counter-revolution. This influence—antagonistic to Argentine progress, to the United States, and to true inter-Americanism—was there before Hitler and will outlive him. It needs no diplomats in Buenos Aires, so that the withdrawal of the British ambassador means far less than in our case; it has a compact, efficient colony, equipped with a daily press, financial power, and great social prestige, to do its work This is the same aspect of Britain, of course, which betrayed Spain's republic—the British navy permitted the first passage of Franco from Morocco to the Spanish mainland—and which, tomorrow, may be the chief protector of the reactionary regime already slated to succeed Franco. In Castillo's day, even under President Irigoyen, its devious, hidden ways were discernible in Buenos Aires. The American journalists who find the Argentine generals "mad" or "stupid" to hitch their wagon to fascism's fading star reveal their ignorance. The "star" was never, essentially, the Axis at all, although while the Axis flourished they were ready to swing into its orbit. The "star" is British trade imperialism, cartel imperialism, the foreign-investment imperialism, including our own, which threatens the post-war world.

Our Friend Franco

Our country is proud that Spanish blood is shed with yours in this noble enterprise, which is sure of the justice of history. For the high mission with which you have been charged, in critical moments for the future of the world, you will receive among us a cordial, sincere reception, since we are long united by traditional bonds. Today I add to them those created by the friendship and faith of your Führer and by the sacrifices of your volunteers in our crusade. In offering loyal collaboration for the triumph of your country, I pray you, Mr. Ambassador, to transmit my sincere wishes for the greatness and future of your country, and also for the personal well-being of your leader.—General Franco to the newly appointed German ambassador, Hans von Moltke, on presentation of his credentials on January 3, 1943.

I am sorry Señor Cernuschi did not make this clear. For our problem is not the simple one of keeping the Americas clean by forcibly cracking down on a belated satellite of the almost beaten Nazis. It involves a major post-war theater of intrigue in which several countries, among them Allies, occupy, through economic and cultural bonds, a position of advantage. And I regret that Señor Cernuschi did not show me exactly where I was wrong when I suggested that we send, not an *appeasing* ambassador to Buenos Aires, but "a liberal of the highest record . . . a man who can communicate with the Argentinians in inter-American terms." Here, too, the problem is far more vexed than it might have been if we had not sent appeasing ambassadors to Madrid, to Rio, to Lima, and to other dictator-ridden countries, if we had not done cordial business with Peñaranda of Bolivia, and then—until the delay cost us our prestige—balked at recognition of those who overthrew him. While our State Department mouths democracy, our hands have not been clean, our heads have not been clear; all Latin America knows this, so that our indignant gesture against the generals convinces no one.

An impotent gesture is dangerous. And impotent this one will be so long as Britain does not—and it will not—implement it with effective economic sanctions. We have put ourselves therefore at a disadvantage in many respects. And we have opened ourselves to the ready propaganda of the reactionaries of all Latin America, who are again loudly prophesying a new epoch of American pressure. What

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does Señor Cernuschi want? Surely not that we should actively interfere to help his countrymen throw the generals out! Surely he has a longer view. Even if we succeeded, does he not realize the harm we should do to all Latin American independence by raising again the old nightmare of Yankee interference? Tomorrow, in a world where we shall have far stronger rivals in Latin America, this would be more dangerous than ever.

I am not at all cocksure about what should be done in this difficult problem. But of this I am certain: the kind of ambassador I envisage would prove no comfort to the generals. (Even our appeasing envoys have not prevented revolutions in more than one Latin American state.) On the contrary, he would be the open, active, articulate spokesman of inter-American democracy in the place where it counts most to have him. He would know what our foes—open *and* hidden—are about; he would be in touch with our friends, and that means with the people. His presence would silence the chief argument against us and relieve neighboring states like Uruguay of an embarrassment that is becoming painful. He might prove so dangerous to the generals that they would kick him out. If they dared to, all Latin America would rise in protest. The moral and political victory would then be ours.

We cannot afford to make mistakes today in the capital of Spanish-speaking South America. The situation is too delicate, too pregnant of future threats to the peace. I repeat: I am not dogmatic in my position. But I submit that so long as there is doubt of the wisdom of our present course—and surely my article revealed plenty of cause for doubt—we should play safe by adhering to the Estrada Doctrine.

Behind the Enemy Line

BY ARGUS

FOR a long time General Eisenhower has been known in Germany as a traitor to the German blood in his veins. He is called a renegade, a deserter, and of course a "slave of the Jews." Recently to this general charge a more specific one was added: General Eisenhower has directed the chief of the American occupation forces—Goebbels was apparently present at the conversation—to proceed on the devilish principle that "dead Germans tell no tales." He gave this order after inhabitants of the occupied zone who had fled to the interior of Germany had told the truth "about the American reign of terror." The General directed that every available means should be used "to prevent further information about the true state of affairs under the occupation regime from reaching Germany." And he said the best method was to kill as many Germans as possible—"dead men tell no tales." This was printed in the German newspapers of around October 17 and heard over the German radio.

General Eisenhower, however, cannot prevent an occasional fugitive from escaping through the lines, and the dreadful news they bring is being repeated to the German people and the German troops morning, noon, and night. The public is thus gradually gaining a picture, as *Front und Heimat,* the organ of the Wehrmacht, expressed it on October 22, "of the incredibly brutal terror which follows in the wake of United States military occupation. American gangsters rule the area. Murder, looting, and rape seem to be the appropriate procedure in a conquered country." The paper describes a number of instances in detail:

> Herr Giemer, a schoolteacher of Nussbaum, reported the following: "With my thirty-year-old daughter, Anna Sophie, I fled into the cellar of the school to escape the enemy's artillery fire. Later United States assault troops entered it. I was kicked and struck with the butt end of a rifle, driven into a corner, and handcuffed. Then the leader of the gang, an American sergeant, attacked and raped my daughter. Afterward, when she had fainted, she became the victim of other United States soldiers. We were set free by a German counter-attack."

Another fugitive declared that Bolsheviks actually follow in the train of the United States army and rob and kill Germans.

> From Diekirch, Hans Werner Nehring, a merchant, reports: "I saw with my own eyes the German population being rounded up and taken to the police station. Later, trucks driven by Bolshevik bandits left the courtyard. Germans were tied to these trucks and trailed behind them until they died. United States soldiers witnessed this terrible crime without doing anything to stop it. They even joked about it."

Still worse things are done by the Jews, who move in immediately behind the American troops.

> From Wallerdorf it is reported that American soldiers senselessly burned the town. Frau Tramport states: "Just outside our village they rummaged through the goods of refugees. What they did not consider worth taking, they drenched with gasoline and set on fire. Jews accompanied the United States soldiers. They drove women and children with whips to dig trenches and entered the village with the cry, 'Revenge for Judah!' "

Of the many stories broadcast by the German radio and the official news agency, the D. N. B., here is one heard on October 20:

> When the frontier village of Cruchten was recaptured by German troops, it was found that the United States soldiers had looted all the houses and driven off all the cattle, the only property of the villagers. Some women begged that one cow be left them to keep their children alive. They were beaten with rifle butts and sticks. The United States troops abducted many children from this village as well as from other villages in the frontier area and forced them to locate land mines.

The purpose of these horror stories is bluntly stated. Shame on those, declares *Front und Heimat,* who "still dare to dish up fairy tales about the allegedly decent behavior of the Americans and their British accomplices. They are every bit as bad as the Bolsheviks. All the more unequivocal is the answer which our comrades at the front and our compatriots along the western border will give to these bestial American acts of debauchery. Our enemies themselves are obliged to recognize a constantly growing hatred against them. They admit there are no anti-Nazis; they have found every German an ardent follower of Hitler, implicitly believing in victory. We hardly need add anything to the comments of the enemy. The whole nation has risen against the Anglo-American terror and will to annihilate us."

Meyer Levin, whose article On the Spanish Frontier appeared in this section last week, is war correspondent in France for the Overseas News Agency.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

THE ART OF DELACROIX

BY CLEMENT GREENBERG

BAUDELAIRE, no less incomparable as an art critic than as a poet, wrote that one of Eugène Delacroix's prime qualities is that he is "essentially literary. His painting has not only traversed the field of high literature with unfailing success, not only has it translated, not only has it constantly visited Ariosto, Byron, Dante, Walter Scott, Shakespeare, but it is also able to reveal ideas of an order higher, subtler, and more profound than the greatest part of modern painting. And observe carefully that it is never by the detail, by the grimace, or by tricks of technique that Delacroix obtains this great result, but by the ensemble, by the deep and complete accord of color, subject, and drawing, and by the dramatic gestures of his figures."

I should like to add: observe also how small a part of this "literature" inhabits the clear, warm, and banal realm of the anecdote, the only realm accessible to those who demand of painting that it address itself *directly* to curiosity and reason. The test of art for them is its viability in words. Despite all the "human drama" bodied forth in Delacroix's pictures, such spectators are kept at a distance by a sense that the point of his painting lies elsewhere than in the explicit meaning of that drama.

The slanting arabesque of "Desdemona at Her Father's Feet" tells nothing as to why Desdemona is at her father's feet; instead, it generalizes her attitude beyond anything even so unspecific as supplication. It gives a hint of the quality of *all* emotion. The reaction awakened can be named but not defined or limited by its cause on the canvas: the subject is but a pretext—local and specific only because it is of the nature of art to require its pretexts to be so, since the generalizing function belongs chiefly to the medium. (The picture in question can be seen at the magnificent Delacroix exhibition now at Wildenstein's through November 18.)

Delacroix was one of the greatest painters, known or unknown, who ever lived. Unlike Picasso's, his temperament was equal to his gifts, though at moments he ran the danger of being confused by them—as Picasso often is. For his art was perturbed by a typically romantic set of contradictions. Arch-romantic, he sometimes bridled when called a romantic. He yearned for serenity, yet gave himself up to passion and excitement, in his life as a man about town as well as in his art. By natural bent and according to all the theoretical conditions of his practice he was an easel-painter par excellence, yet his greatest performances are mural panels and decorations. By instinct a *peintre de métier* if there ever was one, he was at first contemptuous of *cuisine* and eager for quick effects, and used bituminous colors which shortly plunged the deeper passages of many of his early pictures into opaque darkness. (The tempo of his century could not let Delacroix wait two years, as Titian had waited, for a layer of paint to dry before applying the next glazes.) He had a fine intelligence, much culture, and wrote well on art, music, and literature; yet he was carried away, like an adolescent, by enthusiasms. He painted what in an illustrative sense is still the most revolutionary of all pictures, "Liberty Guiding the People"—in which he, preeminently painter of the exotic and historical, introduced a top hat for the first time; yet he was chronically bored by politics, sold his pictures to the state with peculiar success, and was richly honored by the Second Empire. (There is a plausible supposition that Delacroix was an illegitimate son of Talleyrand.) And nevertheless he was a man of 1848 for whom, as for Baudelaire, the anti-climaxes of 1848-52 liquidated a certain emotional investment in current history. (Sad to relate, for a Socialist like myself, the conviction both Delacroix and Baudelaire acquired from then on, that art was the only field of meaningful achievement left, redounded to the great benefit of their practice.)

Delacroix's painting relies on antitheses as much as Victor Hugo's poetry. It is all confrontation, contradiction, opposition, and exchange. The swirling, intersecting diagonals of his pictures are checked and rebuked by a framework of superbly adjusted values. The secret of his color, that glorious color which flamed out as Delacroix approached his fiftieth year, lies in the antithetical interweaving of warm and cool tones: a touch of blue or green tinctures the red; a touch of pink or yellow modifies the blues and greens: red in the deep shadows, blue in the half-tones. A dark mass in the nearest plane asserts its right to its place by turning into deep violet and coming forward (see the dog at the very bottom of the great panel "Diana Surprised by Actaeon"). Beneath the magnificence is scattered an underpainting of white tempera which infuses a glow into every dominant tint. And all is handled with bravura, a high indifference to detail and finish, and a broad laying on of the brush which leaves the canvas still vibrating.

Delacroix's contemporaries, hypnotized by the feats of Ingres's line, asked whether he could really draw. For us it is self-evident. As if draftsmanship were separable in the end from the totality of the accomplishments of a great painter, except in so far as it is a compensation for the lack of some other accomplishment—Ingres's lack, for instance, of aptitude for color. (As Ruskin first suspected, we praise Michelangelo's drawing more than Tintoretto's because among other things Michelangelo's color is so much inferior.)

Yet Courbet, as quoted by Georges de Batz in the Wildenstein catalogue, put his finger on something when he mentioned Delacroix's "shapeless form"—Courbet, whom Delacroix accused in turn of "impotence in the matter of invention." Being delivered over so much to movement and rhythm, romantic form would become somewhat flaccid, disjointed, and tend to spread unduly over the surface. It was too late for Delacroix to recapture that simultaneity of contour and color which was the great consummation of the Venetians. The flat plane surface was already beginning

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John Day

OUR SETTLEMENT WITH GERMANY

By H. N. Brailsford

"A treatise on contemporary history and the driving forces of this war. A human document; combines the profound knowledge of a great European liberal fighter with the classical political training of the tradition of the Fabian Society. In its detached passion, it is an outcry of the Western conscience and of the sense of responsibility for a lasting solution."—*New Republic.* $1.75

ARGENTINE RIDDLE

By Felix J. Weil

"The present work, which covers the economic and political life of Argentina during the past ten years or so, fills what heretofore has been a complete void. . . . It is doubtful if there is anyone in this country who can gainsay Mr. Weil; and there is no one in Argentina who knows the facts better. . . . Each paragraph contains more sense and statesmanship than a hundred years of actual official verbal interchange between the two countries."—Carleton Beals, *Sat. Review.* $3.50

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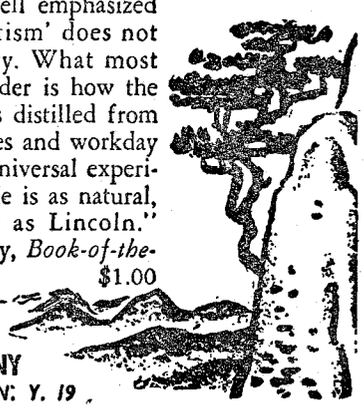
THE WAY OF LIFE ACCORDING TO LAOTZU

By Witter Bynner

"His translation in free verse has given new meanings for many passages. Bynner has well emphasized that Laotzu's 'quietism' does not mean mere passivity. What most thrills the casual reader is how the Old Boy's wisdom is distilled from very humble analogies and workday parables; from the universal experience of all living. He is as natural, genial and homely as Lincoln."—Christopher Morley, *Book-of-the-Month Club News.* $1.00



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to push up from the depths of the picture and deflate the sculptured volumes. Reflected light cross-mating with reflected light—impressionism was on the way.

Eugène Delacroix marked one of the great turning-points in the history of Western painting. He was the first artist since the mid-eighteenth century to look back at Rubens and the Venetians; but after him and Courbet—who looked back at the Dutch—all turns and goes toward a new future. From then on none of the great figures except Renoir will stop to cast more than a comparatively fleeting glance back at the Renaissance past, however much they haunt the Louvre and talk of rendering Poussin according to nature.

NOTES BY THE WAY

BY MARGARET MARSHALL

I'VE ONLY NOW got round to looking into the autumn number of *Angry Penguins,* an Australian literary magazine which has been lying on my desk for some time. This is the issue dedicated to the "poet" Ern Malley, who was invented by two Australian poets now in the army, Corporal Harold Stewart and Lieutenant James McAuley. They provided their author with a Preface and Statement in the modern manner, a letter about him from his sister Ethel, and a complete MS of poems put together out of random materials, including a report on the drainage of breeding grounds for mosquitoes.

Angry Penguins accepted everything. It printed the Preface and Statement, the letter from Ethel, and all the poems. Max Harris, who seems to be one of Australia's most "progressive" writers, wrote a portentous introduction, let himself go in exegesis of the Statement of Malley, and finished off with an Elegiac and a Biography of his own composition.

Having read the complete works of Ern Malley, I am bound to say that some of his poems make more sense than Harris's Elegiac and Biography, of which they might even be called parodies before the event. And they are fun to read.

> It is necessary to understand
> That a poet may not exist, that his writings
> Are the incomplete circle and straight drop
> Of a question mark
> And yet I know I shall be raised up
> On the vertical banners of praise.

The unwitting Mr. Harris used the last two lines as the "prophetic" heading to his introduction.

There are amusing lines in the concoction:

> I have been bitter with you, my brother,
> Remembering that saying of Lenin when the shadow was already on his face: "The emotions are not skilled workers."

It has social significance:

> And in the magazines I have read
> The Popular Front-to-Back
> But where I have lived
> Spain weeps in the gutters of Footscray.

And it is spiced with sexy images:

> . . . I got no culture till
> I read a little pamphlet on my thighs
> Entitled: "Friction as a Social Process."

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FOUR IMPORTANT BIOGRAPHIES BY JOSEPH McCABE

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Mr. Harris didn't know, of course, that Malley was talking about insects. These lines occur in the poem which opens with a quotation from the report on mosquitoes, and though it is flies and not mosquitoes that rub their legs together, Messrs. Stewart and McAuley were not above indulging in poetic license.

THE EASE with which Max Harris was taken in will be a comfort and a confirmation to the people who feel that modern poetry is meaningless. I have a certain amount of sympathy with such of these people as are sincere. Modern poetry, because of its apparent lack of a discipline, certainly gives scope to the charlatan, to the pretentious, the precious, and the stupid—though bad modern poetry is no worse really than bad old-fashioned poetry. But the people, sincere or otherwise, who go on to cry for a return to what they call sanity in verse are just as foolish as Max Harris and could as easily be taken in by a clever imitation, say, of Wordsworth. The idea that artists of integrity and talent are "difficult" or "pessimistic" out of wilfulness and could just as well be easy and cheerful is so stupid that it seems hardly worth combating—except that one meets it not only in the leaflets of the League for Sanity in Poetry of Corpus Christi, Texas, but in the books of presumably intelligent critics. It is time the baiters of modern art and literature considered the possibility that some of the "difficulty" lies closer home.

I LOOKED THROUGH the collection of comic strips portraying the life of "The Sad Sack," the G. I. soldier who appears regularly in *Yank* (Simon and Schuster, $2). The Sad Sack was created by Sergeant George Baker and is very popular in the services. He never gets a break and he never gets enough sleep. Sergeant Baker's drawing is crude, almost brutal, and full of violent, unrelieved motion which makes the eyes swim. But it is well suited to the trials of the Sad Sack with his ever-fresh hopes, his endless frustrations, and his chronic exhaustion.

Haggin on Music

MUSIC FOR THE MAN WHO ENJOYS "HAMLET." By B. H. Haggin. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.75.

MR. HAGGIN'S books on recorded music have been the best of their kind, and by far the best. In their style, as well as in their sureness of judgment and seriousness of spirit, they have not been approached by the atrociously written efforts of eclectics like Kolodin and Hall. But they are not perfect books. For one thing, Mr. Haggin has as fine a collection of hobby-horses as any good critic may be permitted to have. And for another, and this is important, his pedagogic intentions have always been a cramp on his work, both in its style and its range.

The present work has all the good and bad qualities of the preceding books, though fortunately the good qualities have been intensified while the bad ones have been somewhat reduced. What Mr. Haggin has done is, in essence, to provide a superb anthology of quotations from musical texts accompanied by critical remarks that are always

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wonderfully exact and are quite often profound. These passages are identified, for those who do not read score, by reference to their place on the sound track of current recordings. As always with Mr. Haggin, it is the profundity or the subtlety in the spiritual reference of the music, its sheer loveliness, its animated grace, which excite him and never its historical or biographical significance or its curious interest for musicology. It is the music itself to be apprehended by the ear and the mind which he puts forward. And this is the foundation of his great merit. In effect, then, this book is an invitation to the reader to listen to Mr. Haggin talking about the music he loves best. It is an exercise I am always eager to undertake.

Mr. Haggin, in my esteem, rates with such rare critics as Mr. Turner. When he has broadened his vision and his liking (toward early and modern music), become more adventurous and a little more generous, he will, I think, stand beside Tovey. He has all the intensity, all the honesty necessary. He needs only expansiveness and a fresh accession of largeness of heart.

There is another side to this book, however, and I shall very candidly try to describe it. As a good musician Mr. Haggin is urgently concerned with the form of a piece of music. And here his conceptions are living ones, neither academic nor pedantic. But the real living form of music is difficult to write about, for it involves the power of keeping the whole flow of the music present in thought. Here, I think, the author's pedagogical idiom frequently betrays him into aridity, for what he too often does is simply to translate long passages of music into descriptive formulas. (Page 27 is an example.) The pedagogical temper is responsible, too, for the one stylistic blemish. I mean Mr. Haggin's symmetrical sentences. That he has a conscious interest in the rhythm of language is evident. His substantives are all too apt to run in threes, and to be lumpily repeated in the next clause, with results that are leaden, thudding, dull. It is a mannerism as forgivable and as embarrassing as a facial tic. It is forgivable, as is his quotation of a piece of very bad psychology from Ernest Newman, in support of the one hobby-horse that pokes in its wooden head. These matters aside, and they are as easily ignored as the rest of current musical criticism in New York, the book is altogether singular. It is the work of a serious man and a splendidly equipped if idiosyncratic critic. RALPH BATES

BRIEFER COMMENT

Schooling for Democrats

IN A well-written, highly personalized book, "Your School, Your Children" (L. B. Fischer, $2.50), Marie Syrkin makes effective use of anecdotal material—which may not, however, be representative—to arouse the reader. The book treats the difficulties faced by some teachers in some New York City high schools in bringing home to their charges the meaning of democracy in thought and practice. It has definite merits as a "make-you-sit-up-and-take-notice" description of the racial and religious oppositions that are erupting into the school systems of some metropolitan areas, but as soon as it

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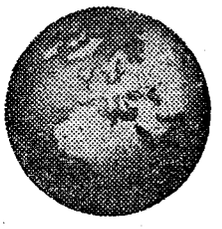

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discusses fundamental educational issues, it betrays confusion and inconsistency. It runs together difficulties that flow from large classes with difficulties that are rooted in social and family situations beyond the reach of the schools. In many cases where existing practices are condemned, no feasible alternatives are proposed. Yet as a statement and recognition of the problems of democratic schooling it is excellent.

The author observed that among some of her students skepticism of the democratic cause went hand in hand with measureless credulity toward Nazi propaganda. She asserts that this was to a considerable extent a consequence of the teachers' efforts to develop an attitude of critical objectivity among students. Not a particle of evidence is adduced in support of this preposterous contention. The author expresses horror when she relates how the interventionist-isolationist debate, in which she was able to detect Nazi *leit-motifs*, got into the classroom. Yet at the same time she assures us that "legitimate, existing interest" among students is a good starting-point for instruction, even if their discussion reveals "ignorance, misinformation, prejudice, and superficiality." Her one genuine educational insight is the importance of small classes; but her remarks about the Dewey-Hutchins controversy indicate that she lacks an adequate grasp of the basic issues involved. And as for her often-repeated statement that "opposition to indoctrination" has been "a deeply intrenched tradition" in American schools, one can only say that either she is misinformed about actual practices in most American schools, past and present, or she misunderstands the nature of indoctrination, or both.

SIDNEY HOOK

Japanese Internment

D-DAY IN THE PACIFIC found Royal Arch Gunnison reporting on the growing Far Eastern crisis from Manila. For the previous year he had been covering a Pacific "beat" that included Melbourne and Shanghai, Bangkok and Rangoon, and Batavia, Singapore, and Chungking. After December 7 he and his wife were interned at Santo Tomás; later they joined a small group which the Japanese permitted to go to Shanghai. Here several months of liberty, marred only by their omnipresent Japanese shadow, were cut short by internment in the Chapei camp. He tells the story in "So Sorry, No Peace" (Viking Press, $3).

No previous account has given in such meticulous detail, or with equal readability, the story of the life of civilians in Japanese internment camps. The author served on internee committees, negotiating almost daily "with the pugnacious, greedy, brutal Japanese military gendarmerie and consular officers." It is a depressing picture of enforced malnutrition, filth, lack of hospitalization, psychological humiliation, and generally callous handling. At our own Tule Lake camp, visited on his return, he noted that the Japanese internees were receiving over 3,000 calories a day against the 1,900 supplied in the Far East, and a space of 110 square feet per person as against 30 in Manila and not much more in Shanghai. And when Tokyo complained of conditions at Tule Lake a Swiss representative visited it, this being a privilege denied at more than one of the internment centers in the Far East.

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Some of the high lights of the book: the trip from Manila to Shanghai in a Japanese convoy menaced by the operations of American submarines; the story of Manila's last days before the Japanese marched in as conquerors; the exasperating negotiations which Gunnison carried on with Commandant Tsurumi in the Chapei camp; and the preparations for, and final materialization of, the return home on the Gripsholm. A few of the points in Gunnison's conclusions, outlining policy toward Japan, are questionable—notably his idea that the United Nations can enlighten and direct "a new Emperor" after they have disposed of Hirohito. Not many Far Eastern students will be found to accept his contention that "Russia considers itself the protector of the Asiatic, and supports the doctrine that Asia is a spot eventually to be inhabited by Asiatics only." But his concluding chapters are worth reading for their generally realistic and logically hard-boiled views, based on first-hand dealings with the Japanese.

T. A. BISSON

The Textile Worker

LIKE the other volumes in the series Labor in the Twentieth Century, "The Cotton Mill Worker" (Farrar and Rinehart, $3) is a competent study. Information is presented, and arranged, on every aspect of the industry, and the reader who examines the volume carefully will learn much about the cotton textile worker and his problems. While the book has many merits, it is not likely to attract a wide audience. It suffers from a fault common to a number of other volumes in the series—it is too detailed.

PHILIP TAFT

Sovereignty and Peace

AMERICAN THOUGHT on international relations has always tended to be too juridical and too oblivious of complex political factors. One might imagine that the realities of the present world situation would have cured us of this legal purism; but books which emphasize the juridical at the expense of the political factors still pour from our presses. The latest is Hans Kelsen's "Peace Through Law" (Chapel Hill, $2). The author rightly discerns the difficulty of creating a unified international political authority, completely transcending national sovereignty; and wrongly imagines that he can evade this difficulty by creating an international court with compulsory jurisdiction over all disputes. The same power of national sovereignty which is presumably too great to allow a genuine international community to arise is expected to bow meekly before the authority of an international court, the impartiality of which is guaranteed merely by the fact that its members are chosen as individuals and not as representatives of their nations. The nations are expected to submit their disputes to it, acquiesce in its judgments, and furnish it with the means of enforcing its judgments should recalcitrance arise. The author does not understand that courts are not the foundation but the final pinnacle of any system of justice.

This treatise is made even more abstract and irrelevant by the addition of an impossible individualism to an unrealistic legalism. The author believes that the nations of the world could enter into an international agreement making their leaders individually responsible for acts of state, undertaken in their representative capacity, which lead to war. The idea not only obscures the complex political forces which underly the "individual" acts of statesmen but also presupposes the complete abnegation of national sovereignty, without which no nation would deliver its leaders to such a court.

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Drama

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Man's Best Friend

EVEN before it opened at the Forty-eighth Street Theater most interested parties already knew that "Harvey" was a play about a man whose best friend is a white rabbit something more than six feet tall. That sounded—and still sounds—like one of those whimsies which delight a few determinedly elfin spirits while generating in most spectators an acute embarrassment, but the fact that "Harvey" has already delighted nearly everyone who has seen it is proof enough that it has unhoped-for qualities. Here is, indeed, one of those miracles which still occasionally occur just when theatergoers have reason to doubt that miracles happen. Here, in other words, is a script so astonishingly fresh in conception and so deft in execution that one is tempted to call it inspired, and here are direction so sure-footed and playing so precisely right that one is tempted to call them inspired also. Mary Chase, the author, is—or was—very nearly an unknown. But fortune smiled upon her twice: once when it permitted her to clothe her fantasy in so much unhackneyed wit and humor, so much gaiety and so much tenderness, again when it directed the choice of Frank Fay to impersonate her amiable and touching hero. Not once in a blue moon does it happen that a dramatist realizes his own intention so perfectly, and not once in a moon of even more improbable color does he have also the all but incredible good luck to get for the same play a well-nigh perfect interpretation. Miss Chase, I should guess, is almost scared.

Mr. Fay, as the fortunate friend of the supernatural rabbit, manages somehow to make irresistibly credible the calm happiness, the mellow insanity, and the unshakable amiability of the central character. He is good, one knows, because he is happy but also because his happiness is softened by some memory of a suffering long past, and it is not until near the middle of the play that he clarifies at once both his own character and the theme upon which the whole fantasy is founded by making a quiet remark: "For forty years I struggled with reality; but I am happy to say that I conquered it at last." When that has been said, one realizes that "Harvey" is strong rather than merely whimsical because it is based upon an enduring psychological fact, because there are moments when nearly every man is ready to say with Dryden, "There is a pleasure sure, in being mad, which none but mad men know," or, in our own idiom, "It's great to be crazy."

Let me hasten to add something for the benefit of those few uncompromising souls who will surely rise to protest that traffic with rabbits, real or imaginary, is sheer escapism, and that facing reality is today just what everybody ought to be doing. In the first place, "Harvey" purges the soul. In the second place, it is as much a satire on the realities of the world we have made as it is a defense of those who prefer madness to what, by mere popular vote, has come to be accepted as sanity. Miss Chase, in other words, has given us a sort of Don Quixote in modern dress, and we are about, so I predict, to take him enthusiastically to our bosoms. A man's best friend is not always his dog. Sometimes it is his rabbit. Especially if the rabbit doesn't exist.

Josephine Hull is almost as delightful as Mr. Fay himself in her role of the aunt who talks herself temporarily into the booby hatch while trying to explain why her nephew should be locked up, and the whole play bubbles with sheer—as well as astonishingly unhackneyed—fun. Few surprises on the contemporary stage have ever been more deliriously delightful than that supplied when our hero finally unveils the portrait he has just had painted, and few incidents have been more shrewdly contrived or more quietly meaningful than that of the psychiatrist so overcome by the hypnotic sympathy of the rabbit lover that instead of probing the latter's delusions he goes off into a fantasy of his own involving Akron, Ohio, cool beer, and an unknown siren who will whisper into his ear, "You poor thing, you poor thing."

If "Harvey" were less substantial it would probably be unwise to reveal its conclusion, but like all really good plays it loses nothing when we know how it comes out—in this case very satisfactorily indeed. Our hero, because he is too amiable not to try to do whatever will please others, finally consents to the proposal that he be returned to reality by way of the psychiatrist's therapeutic shock treatment. But as the moment approaches, even the members of his family begin to doubt that they would like him any better if he were sane like themselves, and the question is settled finally by the taxi driver who has brought the company to a very efficient sanatorium. This new treatment, so he assures everybody, does really work. In this same cab mad men have driven up and been taken away again with their wits recovered. "He will go into that room for a few minutes. When he comes out he will be a perfectly normal human being—and you know what bastards they are."

Samson Raphaelson's "The Perfect Marriage" (Barrymore Theater) is carefully written by an experienced playwright and lovingly acted by two competent performers—Miriam Hopkins and Victory Jory—but it suffers from a fatal defect. Nobody in the audience really cares very much to learn that two not especially interesting people suspect after ten years of marriage that their love has cooled, or that in the course of a protracted and realistic but not very diverting conversation they talk themselves back into contentment.

"Violet" (Belasco Theater) is a play about a much-married man and one of his less attractive children. Passable farces have been made from time to time out of similar material, but this one just isn't funny at all.

Films

JAMES AGEE

THE new Russian film, "The Rainbow," is a ferocious anthology of the atrocities perpetrated by German soldiers upon the women and children and babies and old men of an occupied Ukrainian village. It is fiction, derived from a prize-winning novel which I would infer to be monstrously trashy and teacher's-petty, and it is done on the whole with a good deal less than the customary Russian ability to make screen fiction look at least as true as fact. Yet its maniacal quality—not to mention the bulk of its subject matter—is of itself bullyingly persuasive; still more so is one's realization that crimes at least as terrible have been a commonplace in the war in Russia and elsewhere. I have endured none of these things, but it is easy for me to realize that others who have and still others who haven't may be strongly moved by them, in the way the makers of the picture intended to move them. I, however, am still more strongly moved by other considerations.

I wonder whether one has any business making or accepting a film about war or cruelty or brutality unless some sort of attempt is made, in the film, to

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understand them. I wonder whether certain dreadful events, of the sort this picture is full of, are not so incalculably rich in the possibilities of moral and aesthetic blackmail that they can never be represented maturely or even undeceitfully, and so had better not be represented at all. I wonder, too, at the reception of the film here. The reactions of the audience at the Stanley were as cheerfully bestial as they might be if that audience had, through similar experience, earned some semblance of right to them; and so far as I have seen or heard, only one reviewer, Manny Farber, has stood up against the perniciousness of the movie. It is the utter simplicity of feeling, among those who approve "The Rainbow," which is particularly disturbing. The picture presents data which, backed by one's knowledge of fact, make it hard to keep one eye open; but if there are so few people who can even try to, who can so much as doubt the full validity of their approval of the film, in a relatively untouched country where it is popularly supposed to be easiest on earth to keep and cultivate and utter the freedom of one's mind and conscience, that suggests to me a deeper disaster than all other disasters of war and peace combined.

I am curious, for that matter, why this picture was made in Russia, and for Russians (it seems understandable enough as a foreign editorial). It seems possible that with the shift toward certain victory, after terrible danger and loss and ferocity and suffering, a general reaction may have set in among the Russian people in thousands of liberated towns which has tended to make them sick of hatred and vengeance and incapable of it; and that this film is to be understood less as a spontaneous outburst of rage and loathing than as a carefully deliberated effort to combat war weariness and the restoration of any semblance of moral tenderness and skepticism. Whatever the motives or sentiments of those who made the film, it seems to me as unadulterated and violent a piece of agit-prop as I have ever seen; and whether you approve or deplore it depends chiefly, I think, on how you feel about agit-prop.

I have no doubt about my own feelings; it is my idea of anathema. I do believe, to be sure, that a kind of propaganda is possible whose constant effort is to clarify rather than merely simplify, not to say falsify or exploit, issues and motives and causes and needs; to forge, in Joyce's words, the uncreated conscience of the race. But I am afraid the believers in agit-prop will dismiss that sort of propaganda, scornfully, as mere art; and I am afraid they are right. In any case there is not one ounce of such effort in "The Rainbow." Indeed, few films ever made have so vigorously seized the spectator by the throat and so implacably insisted, with one unprincipled bang over the head after another, that he turn himself into the wildest animal possible, and mistrust and hate with all his might any lingering question which troubles him about his obligation to do so. It is more than understandable that such a film should come out of the sort of war that has been fought in Russia; but that does not mean that the film is fit for human consumption. For all its studio artificiality and its still more essential falseness it seems, rather, almost of a piece with war itself. Like war it is bursting with energy, with passion, and with skill of itself both good and bad, but hardly a foot of it so much as suspects the most elementary, most indispensable obligation of the true artist, or of anyone, for that matter, who seriously desires to walk on his hind feet: to try, under whatever confusion of pressures, to understand and illuminate and conduct oneself in accordance with the truth, in so far as one experiences it.

All of the passion and resource of this film are used systematically, according to the most blunt and amoral means available, to demolish one's moral and aesthetic judgment by splitting both and by turning the split forces of both against each other. When, for just one instant, a woman, rather than betray her comrades and her country, suffers her newborn baby to be shot before her eyes, she has committed a tremendous act, and it is one which of itself all but annihilates one's feeling of the right, not to say the invincible, obligation to keep one's senses. But the fact remains that whatever she did or did not do in that predicament, she would have presented, not solved, a terrible moral problem. But everything is solved in this film; every most important thing may be incalculably hard to do right by, but the right itself is easy.

When you can make such a picture, or watch it with untroubled approval, some crucially important moral nerve has, I believe, gone dead in you. Temporarily, perhaps incurably, you have been rendered helpless in the most disastrous way I can conceive of. There are frightening, flagrant symptoms of such a death in this film, as in its general American reception. In the film God—in Whom I very much doubt that the makers of the film believe—is represented as available only to Russian patriots, not to cowards or traitors and not to Germans. It is explained of the enemy that "they are Germans and that is why they kill." The idea of post-war justice is summed up in a woman's speech about German prisoners: after they have watched their armies starved and beaten, their cities destroyed, their wives and children recoil from them, and after they "answer for their crimes before a People's Court—then, a quick death." When you are capable of regarding God as a party member in good standing; of agreeing with the National Socialists that various tendencies or actions are explicable in terms of race or nation and that all members in that race or nation are infected with those tendencies and are liable to those actions; of stating, in the same breath, that the enemy should stand trial and then should and shall be annihilated; it seems merely inevitable that you will have lost, as well, even the simplest sort of eye for faces. The woman who delivers this closing oration about justice is presented virtually as the embodiment of her people, and strikes me as one of the most coldly and irremediably horrifying human beings I have ever laid eyes on. It is a complex face, and I will not attempt an analysis of it or of my reactions, but I can give a rough idea of the latter by suggesting that the substitution of King Kong would have left me with a far better opinion of the judgment of the makers of the film, and a far happier hope for the future, if the innocent and whole-hearted approval of such a work is any kind of measure of the present. But then Kong, I must grant, is one of the few reasonably human movie heroes I can remember.

JAMES AGEE

BEHIND YOUR CONSCIOUS MIND

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The ROSICRUCIANS
SAN JOSE [AMORC] CALIFORNIA

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Music

B. H. HAGGIN

WHEN Arthur Rubinstein's recorded performance of Beethoven's Sonata Opus 81a *(Les Adieux)* was issued here two or three years ago I found that he played Beethoven in the same sensitive style—with the same rubatos, the same elegance—as he played Chopin, and in this way altered Beethoven's character and meaning. I was interested to find the same observation in a review of this performance in a recent issue of the London *New Statesman and Nation*. And there was a fresh illustration of the point when Rubinstein played with Toscanini and the N. B. C. Symphony in the broadcast performance of Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 3.

There was an occasion ten years ago when Iturbi, in performances of Mozart concertos with Toscanini and the New York Philharmonic, matched the orchestra's powerful statements with clearly and boldly outlined phrases that were in striking contrast to his usual salon-music style in Mozart. And listening to Toscanini's performance of the orchestral introduction of Beethoven's concerto I expected the same thing to happen again: no pianist, I thought, could be unaffected by its hair-raising power. Its conclusion, however, brought from the piano not the three upward rushes with the impact of cannon-shots that I expected to hear, and that I have heard in some other performances, but three scales with the on-the-surface brilliance of Rubinstein's style emphasized by the on-the-surface sound of the particular Steinway piano that he chose to play on. And this discrepancy in style and effect between the orchestral and the piano parts continued throughout the movement, with the worst instance at the end of the cadenza, when orchestra and piano began the dramatically hushed passage which works up to the forceful conclusion of the movement, and Toscanini began to build up the crescendo, but Rubinstein lingered over his brilliant passage-work, compelling Toscanini to slow down again and to relax the tension he had already built up. In the slow movement Rubinstein gave florid melodic passages the contours he gives such passages in the slow movement of Chopin's E minor; and the finale, which he played best, was not without its alien details.

The chief thing wrong with the new Ballet International is the artistic direction capable of producing the combination of elements in "Brahms Variations": the somber music of the Handel-Brahms and Paganini-Brahms Variations for piano, falsified by tasteless orchestration, by *Adagio* tempos in some of the *Allegro* variations, and in such variations by the expansion of mere rhythmic figures into new lines of melodic counterpoint; a Vertes setting with pink streamers, and costumes in the same taste, suitable for the cover of a June-bride issue of *Vogue;* and choreography by Bronislava Nijinska that is as "endless, highly ingenious, and pointless"—to borrow Edwin Denby's unsurpassably accurate characterization—as everything else with which the great choreographer of "Les Noces" has disappointed us since that work.

Even in "Brahms Variations," however, Nijinska is capable of contriving one impressive thing: the slow, delicate movements she has Elgevsky do in the first half, which exhibit the beauty and grace of his body and, in an unusual way, his marvelous control of it in motion. That is, she is capable of bringing out the best in him as a dancer, which I have seen only once before—in Balanchine's "Baiser de la fée." In her "Pictures at an Exhibition" too there are group formations and movements at the beginning which recall "Les Noces" (the rest, however, is not only ingeniously pointless but outrageous in its misuse of the music for programmatic ideas different from Mussorgsky's). And it is only such a detail here and there that can be singled out in some of the other new ballets: the *pas de deux* in the second part of William Dollar's "Constantia," with its fresh use of classic ballet idiom, and the beautiful dancing in it of Marie-Jeanne and Dollar; Milena's costumes and Oliver Smith's first-scene setting in "Sebastian" (not enough to make one accept Menotti's music and Caton's choreography). As for the "Swan Lake" I saw, Viola Essen was inadequate in the chief role, and the *corps de ballet* seemed not to have been rehearsed sufficiently for precision and clarity. But "Les Sylphides" was quite good.

Art Note

THE abstract painter John Tunnard, of Lincolnshire and Cornwall, is being introduced to this country by a show of gouaches at Nierendorf's (through November 18). Tunnard's Gothic fragility, his singing webs and neutral color are too gossamer for the watery medium and need the heaviness of oil to hold them down and solidify them. It is perhaps to accommodate himself to gouache that Tunnard has ventured to use larger masses and more varied colors. But whereas his oils have a tendency to succumb to the temptations of the felicitous and of good taste, his gouaches come very close to the kind of esoterica the Baroness Rebay sponsors and fosters at Art of Tomorrow. It is unfair, however, to judge Tunnard exclusively by them. His oils are usually a different matter, sacrificing nothing to their delicacy, and enjoying the benefits thereof without most of the liabilities. Yet, even so, whether Tunnard has anything very important to say becomes a moot question in the light of these gouaches. C. G.

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the Editors

The Case of Italy

Dear Sirs: The article e
baldi's Return by Mario B
Nation some weeks ago sh
portant for the military
United Nations is the w
tivity of the Italian partis
lowing lines by your corr
particularly sad and shoc
only the Italians but all th
for a little more justice
"Nothing would be easi
lies than to organize the
in liberated Italy into reg
. . . the Allies do not
army. Italy must not acc
rights through its conti
war effort; especially it n
the right to become an
terms of the 1943 armis
forced in full."

It is perfectly true t
justify this policy the
the contribution to the v
patriots. A daily comm
activity of the Italian p
in Rome by General Al
communiqué is not mac
the usual channels.

Italy is now being
than any other countr
its people are starving
so terribly guilty that
a fate? Didn't the I
fight in this war agair
didn't they revolt in
conflict? Aren't the
fighting now as h
French and Yugosla
should we forget the
has made to civiliz
centuries?

The recent stater
Churchill and Roo
nothing but vague
armistice terms are
is worse, the Itali
minded by Churchi
meeting with Pri
Badoglio, that they
pay for having let
by a totalitarian
Churchill, we will
long ago very kin
lini, just as he has
for Franco.

Anyhow, as far
bility for fascism
quote Benedetto Croce.

ished in Italy as a fore-
book "Ritratto di un ven-
Italian liberal Francesco
writes: "It would be very
knowledge of truth and
justice to stress and extend
ration that fascism in Italy
ed and supported by the
admiration of other coun-
the Anglo-Saxon; which
it very much against us
l it. Then, when this fine
international collaboration
ts nature by harming other
seemed convenient to give
talian character and to make
nly one responsible for it.
not true and is not just."
ly, "Italian guilt" must be
n order to facilitate Italy's
to the British sphere of in-
is too bad that America is a
this cynical game.

M. MAESTRO

, October 20

nét Protests

: As, ironically, I am a sub-
The Nation and hence could
miss your review of my book,
Deliverance: A Book of Poems
me," I fear that in the inter-
mple justice I shall have to
upon it. Unfortunately I shall
e to quote it back to you. But
ot take long:

> patriotic sentiment is wanted, the
> s can be counted on to fill every
> ith this general remark, and with
> ebuking the suspicion that there is
> n element of exploitation in such
> nces, criticism has done its full duty
> Benét's latest book in saying that there
> liscrepancy between its matter and
> both of which are execrable.

has criticism done its full duty?
hy call it "criticism"?

I taught book-reviewing for
seasons, and I have, as many
done considerable book-review-
my time. I had always thought
ne principle to follow was, first,
to read the book under review;
l, to ascertain what the writer was
to do; third, to pronounce how
or ill he was conceived as doing it.
that principle in mind, to dismiss
matter" of any book at once as "ex-
le" is to destroy the very founda-
tion of a criticism that has any pretensions to justice. The critic, of course, has a right to say that the writer in his opinion writes badly, that the book is second or third rate, or entirely negligible. But, aside from calling a writer of verse of long standing, with an honorable career, a "poetaster"—which is a cheap sneer—with the implication that your reviewer (anonymous) does not approve of something alluded to by her or him as "patriotic sentiment" (with no claim substantiated), your "criticism" continues with an implied insult, maugre the reviewer's insincere pretense of charity. The implication is that I wrote my poems to exploit the war for my own ends, whereas I wrote them because I was deeply stirred by the war and wished to say something that might have value.

As to the "matter" of my poems—some of them, obviously I cannot enumerate all in this space—it is actually as follows: an understatement (if anything) of the crimes the Nazis have committed, with a vision of the armies of democracy defeating them; a poem speaking of "my love for my own land"; one speaking of the myriad dead in the war and of those at home responsible for their death; a poem of admiration for my brother, the late Stephen Vincent Benét; a poem concerned with the Nazi persecution of the Jews; one concerning our Ambassador's oily love for Franco, recounting the heroism of the Loyalists; one on representatives of the "interests" meeting the returning soldiers; one in praise of Chapelle, the heroic student who assassinated Admiral Darlan; two poems on the peacefulness of Cape Ann in war time; a memorial poem to my brother; an arraignment of our ill-administered state of society that dooms its young men to recurring wars. These are not all the poems, but that is some of the "matter." This your reviewer calls "execrable."

I am inevitably led to certain conclusions: the first is that your reviewer cannot read, which must obviously be untrue. The second is that your reviewer could not possibly have read my book and afterward have written what was written. The third is that your reviewer's desire to destroy any reputation I might have as a good writer or as one of literary integrity was so strong as to eliminate

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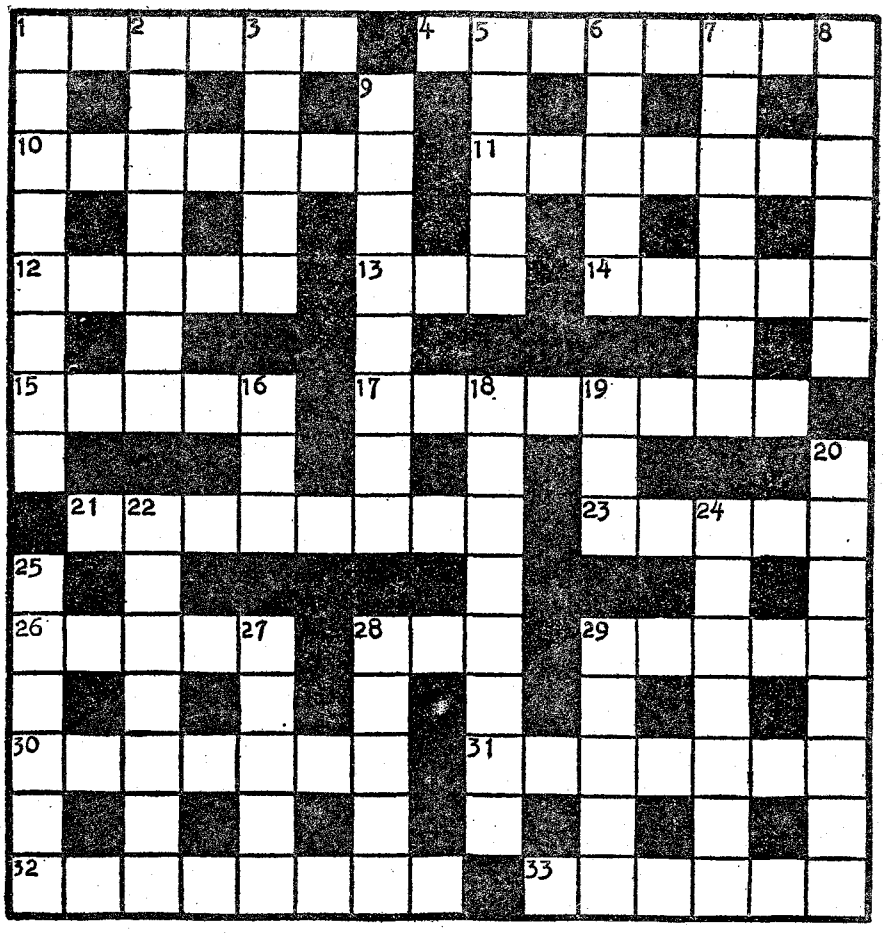
Cross-Word Puzzle No. 90

By JACK BARRETT



ACROSS

1 He gave his customers no choice
4 Lawful cooling confections for the magistrates
10 A craft festivity
11 Offered Ulysses immortality if he would remain with her. Nothing doing
12 Every kick is this to the go-getter
13 Always in ashes, but never in sackcloth
14 To supply firearms is most important
15 Woden is possessed!
17 Score no cribbage-player has ever made
21 When daffodils haste away, said the poet
23 His work is always changing its character
26 Spirit of *The Tempest*
28 You this is certainly
29 "Mr. Chips," in the film version
30 Not the sort of wedding we should choose
31 Makes boats fast
32 You might ask the barber for one in a hurry (two words, 5 and 3)
33 Elderly male kangaroo, you might think: actually, just an adult one (two words, 3 and 3)

DOWN

1 Required reading before the day of the printing-press
2 Scene of an Indian victory in 1876 (two words, 3 and 4)
3 Usually takes the singers in this a long time to get together
5 Relatively rich man of fiction
6 Holland's flower
7 Measure of overhead cover determines turnover
8 Laid up in Dorset
9 He took the lead in *The Merchant of Venice*
16 Give up the ghost
18 Expresses
19 Sidney Smith was glad he was not born before it
20 The people of Plymouth
22 South American river of numerous mouths
24 Bob Cratchett's little boy (two words, 4 and 3)
25 Sam turns up at the head of the people!
27 "And storied windows richly dight, Casting a dim religious - - - - -" (Milton)
28 In Africa they seem to prohibit speaking familiarly to the French
29 Reduces opportunities for sport nowadays

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 89

ACROSS:—1 CAPTAIN; 5 GARNETS; 9 LOTTO; 10 WEE; 11 LYING; 12 MURDER; 15 ENRAGE; 16 TESTING; 17 TONS; 19 GRIT; 21 RUSTICS; 22 TUNS; 23 ANNE; 25 STATLER; 27 ESCAPE; 29 DAMPER; 33 BLIGH; 34 OWE; 35 INURN; 36 EXPOSED; 37 STEPPES.

DOWN:—1 CALUMET; 2 PATER; 3 AMORET; 4 NEWS; 5 GLEE; 6 RULING; 7 ERICA; 8 SUGGEST; 13 REQUITE; 14 STATUTE; 15 ENACTED; 18 HEN; 20 RAN; 22 TREMBLE; 24 ERRANDS; 25 SPAHIS; 26 RACINE; 28 CRISP; 30 PLUMP; 31 HOOD; 32 LEGS.

any fairness to my book. So the lines were written and printed in an eminent journal dedicated to justice and fair dealing.

The Nation, with its fine liberal reputation, has deliberately chosen to say that what I write about is "execrable." *The Nation* would indeed have my sincere sympathy did I believe that what I write about is actually alien to what *The Nation* itself considers of "good report."

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

Pigeon Cove, Mass., September 15

Dear Sirs: It was I who wrote the review of Mr. Benét's book, and if he thinks I am afraid to sign my name to attacks upon him he is, as usual, greatly exaggerating his importance.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES

New York, October 1

Agee on Films

Dear Sirs: In the good old days before pseudo-science and feminism ruined her, it was considered rude to congratulate one's hostess on her meals, since praise would imply that they could have been bad, and by the same rule of courtesy it should be unnecessary to write grateful letters to editors.

Astonishing excellence, however, is the exception, and James Agee's film column seems to this reader, and to many others he has spoken with, just that.

I do not care for movies very much and I rarely see them; further, I am suspicious of criticism as the literary genre which, more than any other, recruits epigones, pedants without insight, intellectuals without love. I am all the more surprised, therefore, to find myself not only reading Mr. Agee before I read anyone else in *The Nation* but also consciously looking forward all week to reading him again.

In my opinion, his column is the most remarkable regular event in American journalism today. What he says is of such profound interest, expressed with such extraordinary wit and felicity, and so transcends its ostensible—to me, rather unimportant — subject, that his articles belong in that very select class—the music critiques of Berlioz and Shaw are the only other members I know—of newspaper work which has permanent literary value.

One foresees the sad day, indeed, when Agee on Films will be the subject of a Ph.D. thesis. W. H. AUDEN

Swarthmore, Pa., October 16

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